

38.1
5
The ART of
Knowing Women:

OR, THE
FEMALE SEX Dissected,
In a faithful Representation of their VIRTUES
and VICES, under the following Heads,

VIZ.

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. General IDEAS concern-
ing WOMEN. | XII. Of <i>Falsehood</i> and <i>Deceit</i> . |
| II. Of their EDUCATION. | XIII. Of <i>Calumny</i> and <i>De-
traction</i> . |
| III. Of their SELF-LOVE. | XIV. Of <i>Flattery</i> and <i>Dis-
simulation</i> . |
| IV. Of the <i>Life</i> they <i>Choose</i> . | XV. Of <i>Friendship</i> and <i>Ha-
tred</i> . |
| V. Of <i>Religion</i> and <i>Devotion</i> . | XVI. Of <i>Envy</i> and <i>Malice</i> . |
| VI. Of <i>Love</i> and <i>Jealousy</i> . | XVII. Of <i>Covetousness</i> and
<i>Prodigality</i> . |
| VII. Of <i>Continence</i> and
<i>Chastity</i> . | XVIII. Of <i>Pride</i> and <i>Osten-
tation</i> . |
| VIII. Of MARRIAGE. | XIX. Of <i>Rage</i> : Or, <i>Passion</i> . |
| IX. Of their <i>Wit</i> and <i>Learn-
ing</i> . | XX. A <i>Dissertation</i> con-
cerning ADULTERY. |
| X. Of their keeping <i>Secrets</i> . | |
| XI. Of <i>Beauty</i> , <i>Dress</i> and
<i>Fashions</i> . | |

By the Chevalier PLANTE-AMOUR.
Made ENGLISH from the FRENCH Original, with
Improvements, by Mr. MACKY.

*Whatever since the Golden Age was done,
What Woman-Kind desires, and what They shun;
Rage, Passions, Pleasures, Impotence of Will,
Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.* DRYDEN'S JUV.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. CURLL in the Strand, and T. PAYNE in
Paternoster-Row. 1732. [Price Bound 2s. 6d.]





T O

Mrs. *Elizabeth Pratt,*

Eldest Daughter of the Lord Chief
Justice P R A T T.

M A D A M,



O U R peculiar
Virtues, intitle you
as much to the Pa-
tronage of this Work, as
the Vices of some of your
A 3 Sex

DEDICATION.

Sex will make them dread
to read it.

Our polite Neighbours,
the *French*, have it seems,
made *The Knowledge of
Women* an ART; tho' I am
of Opinion it is more easily
attained at *Paris* than *Lon-
don*.

A *Coquet*, or a *Prude*, of
the first Magnitude in
France, would make but
an indifferent Politician in
Love-Affairs in *England*;
For the British Ladies both
Think and Play deeper,
and spring Mines of Ad-
vantage infinitely greater
to

DEDICATION.

to Themselves, than our
most Christian FEMALE
Allies.

We have indeed too
strongly imbibed many of
their *Levities*, and in par-
ticular the *Freedom* of their
Leveés; which, tho' now so
universally naturalized, are
really intolerable.

In one Word, the *Vir-
tues* and *Vices* of the whole
Sex, are so agreeably dis-
played in the following
Pages, that, by a careful
Observance of the Rules
therein laid down, every
Fair Reader may not only

DEDICATION.

make themselves Accomplished Ladies, but Excellent Women; two Characteristics, Madam, which all, who have the Happiness of your Acquaintance, must allow you to be intitled to in their full Perfection.

Lord Mayor's Day,
London 1730.

I am, Madam,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

SPRING MACKY.

ADVERTISEMENT
BY THE
TRANSLATOR.

“ LOVE (says Sir *William Temple*) like
“ other *Things*, is good for *nothing*
“ when one makes *too much haste* in it;
“ and our *English* LADIES do not care that
“ MEN should be over violent in *beginning*
“ this *Game*, for fear they should be so in
“ *concluding it.*” This judicious *Maxim*
relating to *Love*, cannot be applied to my
Labour; for I have been a Twelvemonth
in *naturalizing* this ingenious *Foreigner*.

L'Art de Connoître les Femmes: The Art
of Knowing Women, was published at the
Hague in *October* 1729, under the Name
of the Chevalier *Plante-Amour*, but I am
assured, it is the Performance of a very
considerable *English* Nobleman; and tho'
the Scene be laid in *Holland*, the Persons
characterized in this Work, are all Resident
in *Great Britain*.

If

ADVERTISEMENT.

If this *Treatise* will induce our *English* LADIES to *Prune* their Behaviour, by *Lopping* off those superfluous *Levities* which disguise them; it is, as the Author has declared in his Preface, all the *Point* he had in *View*.

The Version I here offer to the Public,
“ will, I hope (as Major PACK has observ’d)
“ distinguish it self from the *Cold* and
“ *Lifeless* ones that have come from many
“ Hands who have undertaken *Translations*
“ rather as their *Task*, than their *Choice*.”

All I have farther to add, is, that this *Translation* has one great Advantage over the *French Original*, viz. The Author’s Quotations from the *Classics* are not only supplied from the Versions of *our* most eminent *Poets*, but I have inserted several other Quotations from *their Works*, when they naturally fell in with the Topicks herein treated of.

I wish the Reader as much Pleasure in the Perusal, as I have had in the Translating of this agreeable Work.

LONDON,
Oct. 29, 1730.

S. M.



The AUTHOR's

PREFACE.



To appear fashionably in Print, the Reader must be accosted with a Preface, how much soever it goes against the Grain. In my Opinion, this sort of Productions is a very useless Piece of Furniture; among a Hundred Readers, there is not one perhaps who in the least regards Them.

When the Title of a Book sufficiently explains the Design of it, I readily acquit the Author from giving the Public an Account of a thousand Particulars, which are often as false as they are insignificant. Nevertheless, I think my self

The P R E F A C E.

self under an Obligation to say something to Those, who shall peruse this Work.

The Subject is of no small Concern, it being nothing less than to form to one's self a true Idea of Women. But tho' I doubt my Ability for performing this Task, yet my own Experience will justify the Encomiums I have bestowed on Virtuous Women; I have borrowed a great deal from Authors who have gone before me; but that I may be cleared from the scandalous Appellation of a Plagiary, which so properly belongs to those Filchers of Literature, who transcribe Word for Word other People's Works without acknowledging it, I have strictly given to every one his Due, and carefully distinguished their Thoughts from my own.

As to those who may Object, that what I publish is not my own; I shall only say, it is impossible for the most judicious Writer, to detect all the Artifices of Woman. Not to mention that the celebrated BRUYERE has himself culled many Thoughts from the Ancients. Now, tho' I have, after so good an Example, made use of some of the best Writers; yet, I am sensible this is a very imperfect Work.

Although I have been rigidly severe upon the WOMEN, far be it from me to include the whole Sex in what I have said of them. Thank God, I can still name some Ladies among us who are shining Patterns of the most sublime Virtue Human Nature can attain
to.

The P R E F A C E.

to. I apprehend nothing from their Quarter;
being convinced that those only will rail at
me, who shall behold the disagreeable Pictures
themselves have sat for. Those Ladies whose
prudent Conduct removes them from all Cen-
sure, will, I doubt not, acquiesce in what
Clement Marot said, on a like Occasion to
the Ladies of Paris.

On voit assez qui vous êtes entieres,
De n'avoir pris a Cœur telles Matieres.
Aussi n'est-il Blason, tant soit infame ;
Qui sçut changer le Buit d'honnête Femme ;
Et n'est Blason tant soit plein de Louanges,
Qui le Renom de folle Femme change.
On a beau dire, un Colombe est noire,
Un Corbeau blanc : pour l'avoir dit, faut
croire.

Que la Colombe en rien ne noircira,
Et le Corbeau de rien ne blanchira.

Not taking to your selves the Blame,
No Satire tarnishes your Fame.
When Infamy is on Record,
Virtue will be its own Reward.

In vain the PIGEON Black he calls,
Or says the CROW is White ;
The Falshood, on th' Asserter falls,
By swerving from the Right.

-I must

The P R E F A C E.

I must say one Word more on a very ticklish Point. It will doubtless be fancied that I have particular Persons in view under the fictitious Names I have made use of ; but, I protest upon the Word of a Gentleman, that my Intention was only to make War upon Vice in general. Let any who shall find their own Picture drawn, only blame themselves, and strive to become Copies of more amiable Originals. Besides, I do not pretend to condemn the Passions absolutely. I am content with exposing the terrible Excesses to which they are carried ; I blame, as every reasonable Man ought to do, the false Philosophy of the Stoicks, who are for exalting Man above his mortal Condition ; by divesting him of all his Passions. An arrogant System, which had it taken Place, would have deprived us of all the Means we have in this World, to attain to the Practice of Christian and Moral Virtues. I call Christian Virtues, those, which by the Gospel we are enjoined to Practise, and, Moral Virtues, those which result from Reason ; such, for Example were the Virtues of the Heathens. For, without the Passions, the Mind would always be in a Lethargy. It is they which give Motion to its Springs, and carry it wheresoever it would go ; that one may boldly aver, that the Passions are the Seeds of Virtue, and that they are
not

The P R E F A C E.

not, in themselves, CRIMINAL ; but only in the ILL Use we make of THEM.

This is all I have to say ; and if the Public receives any Advantage from these Admonitions, I have gained every Point I had in View.

I am, L A D I E S,

Your very Humble,

And most Obedient Servant,

H A G U E,
Octob. 6. 1729.

Le Chevalier PLANTE-AMOUR.

THE CONTENTS.

Chap. I.	G ENERAL IDEAS, concerning Wo- MEN.	Page 1.
Chap. II.	Of Young LADIES, and of their Education.	p. 9.
Chap. III.	Of SELF-LOVE.	p. 18.
	<i>Chicken-Broth. A Tale.</i>	p. 35.
Chap. IV.	Concerning the Chioce of a STATE of LIFE.	p. 36.
Chap. V.	Of the Religion and Devotion of WOMEN.	p. 46.
Chap. VI.	Of LOVE, and the Excesses caused by it in WOMEN.	p. 60.
Chap. VII.	Of CONTINENCE and CHASTITY.	p. 74.
Chap. VIII.	Of MARRIAGE.	p. 80.
Chap. IX.	Of WIT and LEARNING.	p. 94.
	<i>The Progress of Poetry. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.</i>	p. 105.
Chap. X.	Of SECRECY.	p. 119.
Chap. XI.	Of BEAUTY and DRESS. <i>With Reflections upon FASHIONS.</i>	p. 126.
Chap. XII.	Of FALSEHOOD and DECEIT, alias LY- ING.	p. 136.
Chap. XIII.	Of CALUMNY and DETRACTION.	p. 143.
Chap. XIV.	Of FLATTERY and DISSIMULATION.	p. 150.
Chap. XV.	Of FRIENDSHIP and HATRED.	p. 155.
Chap. XVI.	Of ENVY.	p. 161.
Chap. XVII.	Of AVARICE and PRODIGALITY.	p. 167.
Chap. XVIII.	Of PRIDE and OSTENTATION.	p. 173.
Chap. XIX.	Of CHOLER and PASSION.	p. 180.
Chap. XX.	A DISSERTATION concerning ADULTERY.	p. 189.



THE ART OF

Knowing WOMEN.

CHAP. I.

General Ideas, concerning WOMEN.



AFTER the Manner in which Dame Nature has thought fit to form *Man*, *Woman* is an *Evil* which is become absolutely necessary to *Him*.

A certain cursed irresistible Propension renders us Slaves to the Sex. We

B

no

'no sooner get abroad in the World, but we amply verify what has been said by a *French* Poet:

*De tout tems l'Homme a la Femme est livré;
Et de tout tems la Femme l'est au Diable.*

From *Female* Bonds exempt is no Man;
As from the *Devil's* ne'er was *Woman*."

Or rather thus:

E'er since, alas! this wicked World began,
Old Nick possesses *Woman*; *Woman* Man."*

LIKE the silly Insect, we, for some Time, flutter round the Candle, in whose Flames, by an inevitable Fatality from which none are exempt, we are just going to burn ourselves. And what is it that makes us pursue the *Women* with such unaccountable Greediness? What Mortal would give Credit to it,

* This brings to my Mind the following Saying, among the *Spaniards*, viz.

El Hombre es Fuego;

La Muger Estopa:

Llega el Diablo, y sopla.

Man is Fire; *Woman* Tow:

Satan's still at Hand to blow.

were

were we not convinced thereof by hourly Experience ! Why, it is nothing else in the whole Universe, but that trifling Distinction of *Sex* and *Wit*, wherein we differ. As to the *first*, I presume none will offer to contest it with me : And for the *second*, it will also be readily allowed, upon attentively observing, that nothing pleases us in a *Woman* so much as a good Share of Fire and Vivacity in her Conversation. This Advantage, which the *Females* have over us, proceeds from the Sprightliness of their Imagination.

“ NOTHING (says a celebrated Lady*) so delights as those lively, those delicate Turns of *Imagination*, so replete with gay and smiling Ideas. If to their Beauties you join Strength and Energy, they then absolutely triumph over the very Soul, and hurry it away with an enchanting Violence : For certain it is, that the Mind is abundantly more liable to be captivated by agreeable Allurements, than

* The Marchioness De Lambert, Vid. *Reflexions sur les Femmes*. Page 15, 16.

“ by Realities. The *Imagination* is the
 “ Source and the Guardian of our Plea-
 “ sures. To *her* alone it is, that we owe the
 “ pleasing Illusion of the Passions. As
 “ *she* holds a constant Intelligence with
 “ the Heart, *she* wants not the Means
 “ of furnishing it with whatever Errors
 “ it may desire. *She* also extends *her*
 “ Prerogative even over Time; for *she*
 “ recalls the Remembrance of past De-
 “ lights; and, thro’ *her*, we anticipate
 “ the Fruition of all the Joys promised
 “ us hereafter. — In short, the whole
 “ *Soul* is in *her*; and the Moment *she*
 “ cools and grows languid, every Charm
 “ of Life immediately disappears.”

THUS we find the Alcoves of aged
 Females wholly deserted; and chiefly
 because they have no longer that Supe-
 riority of Wit and Liveliness, proceed-
 ing from the Force of Imagination and
 Sensibility.

WOMEN have certainly a good
 Taste; and that serves them instead of
 Reason: For as Taste takes in a very
 extensive Compass, it affords them a
 prompt and lively View of every Thing
 that

that has any Relation to Pleasures, and nothing farther. This occasions our being so wonderfully diverted in their Company; whereas we grow tired with the Conversation of a Philosopher, who explains himself only by Demonstration, and is for penetrating into the Sources of Things. Of this Error (if such it is) Women are never guilty. Too much taken up with Trifles, and of all which they call *Gallantries*, they will never, according to all Appearance, undertake the unraveling of any intricate Question. Yet one would sometimes be inclined to fancy, they might go thorough with it; to judge at least by the Springs they, so artfully and with such Address, set to work, in order to the successful carrying on an Intrigue of Gallantry, or in diving into a Secret: But a little serious Reflection convinces us, that their whole Penetration is bounded by the Horizon of *Cupid*, and that it never passes the Limits of that Sphere.

HISTORY does not any where acquaint us, that Women have ever broached *Heresies*, and much less that they e-

ver run into *Atheism*. However, if they chance to get into their Heads a strong Idea of some Sentiment of Devotion, or Opinion in Theology, it will be to no manner of Purpose to attempt making them sensible of the Illusion: No; they are abundantly more tenacious of their Ideas and Opinions, than Men. This is what they have in common with the ignorant Part of our Sex. Little used to Reflection and Meditation, they view Objects on one Side only: If the glaring Side presents itself to their Sight, it pleases them; and most frequently they form to themselves Ideas of Things directly different from what they really are: Nevertheless they seize fast on them, and there is no making them let go their Hold.

THE strangest Disorders in Nature, the Destruction of the most flourishing States, Favourites exalted from the most groveling Obscurity to the utmost Summit of Grandure, Man rendered the most wretched of all Beings, these and many more are Events for which the World is indebted to the *Industry*, or rather the
Arti-

Artifices of Women. Volumes might be compiled of the Evils they have occasioned to the World, since its Creation to the present Time. But without touching on this unmelodious String, I shall content my self with citing what *Mezeray* says; viz. "That the Intrigues of the Court Lords and Ladies occasioned all the great Events which have happened in the Court of *France*, ever since the Reign of FRANCIS I."

ON mentioning that Prince, I call to Mind a pleasant Passage, which I read concerning him, in the *Memoirs* of *M. De Brantôme*; who assures us, that the only Person who counselled that Monarch to pass into *Italy*, was Admiral *Bonnivet*. "Not so much, says he, out of Regard to the Service and Advantage of his Royal Master, as in order to have the Opportunity of revisiting a rich and beautiful Lady of *Milan*, whom he had enjoyed some Years before. This Story, continues he, I had from a certain great Lady of that Time; and even that the Admiral so highly extolled, in the King's

" Hearing, the said Lady (named Sig-
 " *nora Clarice*, and reckoned one of the
 " greatest Beauties then in *Italy*) that
 " his Majesty had a Desire of seeing her,
 " and taking a Night's Lodging with
 " her. This, adds he, was the chief Cause
 " of that Expedition, which is not
 " known to many. Thus one Half of
 " the World knows not how the other
 " Half lives: For we take Matters to
 " have happened one Way, when, at
 " the same Time, the Case was directly
 " the Reverse: and so the Almighty,
 " from whom nothing is hid, is pleased
 " to deceive us."

THIS Passage shews us, that Women
 are not always the active Causes of
 these stupendous Revolutions; in which
 they often have no other Share than
 merely their being possessed of a good
 Portion of personal Beauty, and other
 alluring Charms. *Signora Clarice*, for
 Example, being only a passive Instru-
 ment of an Expedition which brought
France within an Inch of its Ruin, by
 that Prince's unhappy Captivity, it
 would be a very great Injustice to lay
 that

that Misfortune at her Door.—The History is well known.

SOME Authors say, that “ Women “ need only Application, in order to “ succeed in every Attempt.”—Mighty well. — But they cannot use it towards any Thing essential; that is, in the Search of Truth. No; they delight in Error. To go about to disabuse them, is to hazard their utter Displeasure; from whence there is no Appeal. Nothing in Life is to them so exquisitely mortifying, as their ceasing to be deceived. Nay, even in the foolish Passions to which they abandon themselves in our Favour, they are apparently blinded with Illusion: insomuch, that, in their most abominable Debauches, one would think they fancy, they are paying a Tribute which they owe to Man.

[We shall close this Article with some Sayings, regarding the Sex, in Use among the Spaniards, whom we must allow to be a wise, circumspect People. They have abundance of very quaint Proverbs; of which, for the present, these shall suffice; viz.

De la Muger mala te guarde ; y de la buena no fies nada. “ *Of a bad Woman beware ; and in a good one place not any Confidence.* ” — But this is really somewhat too severe : Let us try another ; viz.

A la Muger, y a la Pitaça, lo que vieres en la Plaça. — *Which signifies ; Tell nothing to a Woman, or to a Magpie, but what you may hear in the Market-Place.* — Such is their Opinion of Woman’s Secresy : But on this Theme we have a whole Chapter.

One more, and then we have done. — A la Muger brava, dà le la Soga larga. — “ *To an unruly Woman give good Length of Rope.* ” — This bears more than one Construction. Some will have its Meaning to be like our Expression ; “ Give her Rope enough and she will hang herself.” Others say it is this ; “ Let her not get quite away, but give her Time and Line to play a little, as we do to Trouts, and then up with her.” — But others again, take the Rope in a quite different Sense ; and, to
back

back their Assertion, relate the following Story.

“ A young Woman, newly married,
 “ scolded her Husband fairly out of Doors.
 “ At his Return, the Bride, grown cool,
 “ begged his Pardon; alledging, that it
 “ was in her Nature not to forbear Scold-
 “ ing; but that her Passion was present-
 “ ly over. The Man then laid hold on a
 “ good Rope’s End, and belaboured her
 “ Back, Shoulders, Ribs, &c. very plen-
 “ tifully; which done, he begged her Par-
 “ don; pleading, it was his unhappy Tem-
 “ per so to do; but when it was over, he
 “ should be as tame as an Ass.”—This,
 according to some, is giving a Woman
 Rope enough.—But we must recollect,
 that these are Spaniards.]

C H A P. II.

Of Young LADIES, and of their EDU-
 CATION.

YOUTH is a Season wherein Vir-
 gins of Fashion pass their Time
 very delightfully. They are not, like

us, subject to continual Fears, nor to the Tyranny of rigid Masters. About their twelfth Year, or sometimes even earlier, they begin to be their own Mistresses. They enter into the World, it is true, under the Eyes of a Mother; but of a Mother who, most frequently, instead of stopping the Career of their irregular Appetites, encourages them in Libertinage.

IN the Education of Youth, especially of Females, we ought always to have before our Eyes this sage Maxim of a certain Poet :

*Rien de parfait ne sort des mains de la Nature :
L'homme même en naissant n'est que Vice & Peché ;
Ne lui refusez point une prompte Culture ;
C'est un Champ qui veut être au plutôt desfriché.*

Nought truly perfect does pure Nature yield :
Sin springs from Man, as Cockle from the Field.
But as due Culture drives rank Weeds away ;
So weed thou Man, and cleanse the sinful Clay.

BUT alas ! this Precept is very little minded. What is it that the Daughters of good Families do learn from their Mothers ? Why, to dress their Heads ;
to

to set a Toilet in nice Order, to match Ribbons, and adjust other Trinkets; to smile agreeably and make a pretty Lip; to bend the Body backwards; to hold up the Head; to step with a brisk Air; to cast Glances at People over the Shoulder; to affect giving themselves pretty little Airs; with a thousand other such-like Mummeries.* A very fine Education, truly! And yet they have no other.

WHEN they have attained a certain Age, and already abroad in the World, their chief Delight lies in reading Romances, or else, after the Example of their *Mamma*, in cultivating some Affair of Gallantry.

“SEE *Dorintha* (says, one Day, to me a certain young Fop) she is the

* As to that Part of true Breeding, which Girls have from the Dancing-Master, the *Spaniards* have the following odd Saying:

A la Muger baylar,

Y al Asno rebuznar,

El Diablo se lo devió de mostrar.

i. e. It must surely have been the very Devil himself, who taught *Asses* to bray, and *Women* to dance.

“very

“ very Life of all the *Assemblies* ! How
“ finely bred that young Creature is !
“ continued he, making a thousand ridiculous Gestures and Grimaces. With
“ what Judgment she talks ! How modest !” I had somewhat of a Temptation to have believed him upon his bare Word : But, about an Hour after, happening to be at a Place, which *Dorintba* honoured with her Presence, I was an Ear-Witness to an Inundation of her Impertinence, and remarked abundance of Immodesty in her Manner of dressing herself. Close by her I saw the young *Florinda*, who, by her exterior modest Appearance, imposes on all Mankind. As I came out, *Alcion* bragged of her to me as a perfect Model of Virtue. But I soon stopped his Mouth, by avowing, that I my self, in a private Place, and at a very unseasonable Hour, had actually surpris’d this virtuous Beauty, he so boasted of, deeply engaged, in mighty close Conference, with *Alexis*, to whom, by the Back-Stairs, she had given a Rendezvous. But after all, why should this be wondered at ?

at? Her Mother is very familiarly visited by Marquiss B——, who makes her Presents, and is at all Hours, either of the Day or Night, extremely welcome to her Bed-Chamber: Some Pretext or other is always found to get *Florinda* out of the Way, and the good Lady remains alone with her Gallant.

As for Females of * lower Degree, alas! the Distaff, the Needle, and now and then a cold Visit from some bashful, awkward Booby of an Humble Servant, with their own painful Household Drudgeries, are their alternate Occupations. Nay, most of them never learned even their A. B. C. So that of them, indeed, it may very justly be said, with Madame Lambert; †—" Women generally speaking, are not at all indebted to Art. " Why then should any one enviously " cavil at those Perfections of Mind,

* The Author's Word is *Bourgeoises*, that is, *She-Citizens*: But what Analogy these Lines have to the Characters of the Wives and Daughters of our Citizens, is a Subject whereon we need not expatiate.

† Vid. *Reflexions sur les Femmes*, Page 26, & seq.

" freely

“ freely and without Cost, bestowed on
“ them by Nature? Nay, we ourselves
“ deprave even those Gifts of Nature,
“ by our early Neglect of their Educa-
“ tion. We employ not their Minds
“ on Solidities; and of this Negligence
“ the Heart takes Advantage. We
“ form them purely for Pleasure; and
“ it is only from their natural Beauties,
“ or from their Vices, that they do
“ please: In short, they seem made
“ merely to delight the Eye, and no
“ farther. Their whole Study is, there-
“ fore, devoted to the Improvement of
“ their exterior Charms, and they suf-
“ fer themselves to be carried away by
“ the Stimulations of Nature, readily
“ giving into a Series of Pleasures, suit-
“ ing their depraved Appetites, which,
“ they will not be easily persuaded,
“ were ever given them, by Nature, in
“ order to be curbed and mortified.

“ But what is really very extraordi-
“ nary, is, that notwithstanding the
“ Minds of Women are thus formed
“ merely for Love, yet the Cultivation
“ of that Passion is prohibited. Surely in
“ this

“ this Case, some Resolutions should be
“ taken ;” continues *Madame Lambert*,
addressing her Discourse to the Men.—
“ Since, in order to please you, Wo-
“ men must needs have a plentiful Share
“ of Wit and Beauty (even if they have
“ nothing else to recommend them) refuse
“ them not the free Use of those Charms
“ you so prize, and do not forsake them,
“ though you should find them with-
“ out any other Merit : But you farther
“ require in them such a Concourse of
“ Perfections, and withal so prudent a
“ Management thereof, as is very dif-
“ ficult to be attained, and reduced to
“ any proportionable Standard.”

I AM not certain, whether or no this
illustrious Apologist for her Sex has any
good Grounds for her Complaint. For
my Part, I can scarce believe, that Men
are so very exorbitant in their Exactions
from the Women. There are indeed
some scrupulous Churls in the World,
so unreasonable as to desire and expect
to meet with true Merit in a Woman :
A Rarity indeed ! But is that what is
sought

sought for by the Generality of Mankind? Far from it.

R E P O R T says, *Philantus* loves *Dorintha*, and courts her upon honourable Terms. Well; and is his Taste to be called in Question in so doing? She is young, beautiful, finely-shap'd, has a good Fortune, and, which is more than all the rest, she is the Ornament of all Conversations. Is not this sufficient, and even more than sufficient? And would not *Philantus* make a very ridiculous Figure, and be laughed at for an egregious Coxcomb, should he pretend to exact from *Dorintha* a little more Decorum and Circumspection in her Conduct, since she had her Education under the Eyes of a coquetish Mother? Would it be reasonable in him to go and harangue her gravely upon the Indecency of her Deportment at Church, while her Mother is there to be seen rolling her Eyes about on every Side, to find out her Lover? When she perceives him is she not sure to salute him with a graceful Bow, accompanied with a Smile and certain amorous Glances, capable of mak-

ing

ing Impression on the most Insensible?
 And while all this is going forward,
 the Doctor stands preaching up Modesty.
 Very well; he does so: But does that re-
 gard a Lady of her Rank? The Precepts
 of the Gospel are only for vulgar Souls:
 Persons of Quality deal in different Mo-
 rals. What Right then has *Philantus*,
 or any other, in pretending to hinder
Dorintha from following such a laudable
 Example? " Truly! Does he imagine
 " her so very ignorant of the Preroga-
 " tives due to her Birth, as to set her-
 " self upon a Footing with the common
 " Herd, the Populace, when she is at
 " Church! What! must her Cha-
 " riot, Equipage, and Liveries serve to
 " distinguish her in the Streets only!"
 " THIS Evening's Comedy, said
 " *Dorintha* in Conversation, pleased me
 " wonderfully; the Actors performed
 " extremely well! But, what say you
 " to the last Opera! Was it not wretch-
 " ed Stuff? Good God! How sick was
 " I of it!" The Lady perceives not
 how tiresome and insipid such Discour-
 ses are to People of good Understanding:
 But

But among Fools, indeed, by such Conversations she shines, and renders herself the Object of their Admiration.

THE stale *Clelia* makes public Profession of Devotion and Piety. She dresses extremely plain; her Equipage is modest; her Table frugally spread; her House well governed, and her Servants kept in excellent Order and Regularity. Every unhappy Family is already known to her, and they are all by her visited and comforted. She shrinks not at the Horrors of Prisons and Dungeons; she has her Set-Days for those pious Works, nor does she ever fail of making her Visitations. As she is deemed the Mother of the Poor, her Anti-Chamber is constantly crowded with necessitous Petitioners. One dares not offer to make her a Visit, for Fear of interrupting her from some Deed of Charity: Her Spiritual Guides being almost the only Persons who have a Right of coming to her when they please, and whose Visits are not thought troublesome. One can scarce believe it: But she has already acquired a Perfection in the Language

of Spirituality, and the Progress she has made therein is, really, very surprising. No Mortal breathing ever talked so very emphatically of Vertue; nor did ever any one decry Vice with such prevalent Eloquence. Besides all this, she is so excessively nice, with regard to whatever may wound or shock a scrupulous Ear, that the least Word in the World, that favours of Levity, sets her in a Ferment: Nay, she can scarce forbear condemning even innocent Mirth, or Chearfulness, as criminal. In short, *Elisia* is pointed out as an edifying Example for the whole Town, and proposed as a Model, by all good and devout Husbands, to their Wives. What a wonderful Change is here! Doubtless it will exceedingly redound to the Lady's Honour, and will occasion Piety and Religion to triumph over the reigning Libertinism of the Age. But alas! do not the Daughters of this pious Lady, and her worthy Successors in all the most Worldly of her Spoils, educated by herself in Vanity, Idleness, and Passion for Gaming, Plays, &c. do not those

those Daughters of hers, I say, plainly convince us, that the Mother's Vertues are only the Vertues of a certain Age, and that the sole View she has in her Reformation, is only that of making some Noise in the World, in a different Manner from what she did when no older than her Daughters.

C H A P. III.

Of SELF-LOVE.

SELF-LOVE is a Passion (a Vice I should have said) which renders us amiable in our own Eyes, and hateful to all the World besides; at least, to all such as have a rational Way of Thinking: And yet, odious as it is, this same Self-Love is so irradicably grafted in the Female Sex, that they seem to imagine, they have a real Right of imposing, on all Mankind, an implicit Belief of their imaginary Excellencies, and pretended Merit. Some prefer themselves to their whole Sex, merely

merely on account of their Birth and Fortunes: Others for the Fineness of their Shape, and Delicacy of their Complexion. Even those who are ugly, fancy to themselves, that they can expunge their natural Deformities by affected Airs and Allurements, tho', at the same Time, they render them most nauseously ridiculous: And tho' we justly look on Women, as infinitely our Inferiors, yet Vanity, which is their distinguishing Characteristic, influences them to arrogate to themselves a Preference to all the Men on Earth. But let us not envy them the Enjoyment of that secret, tho' empty Satisfaction.

BUT who could believe, had we not hourly flagrant Instances of it, that the Generality of this Sex, so full of their own dear Selves as they are, would be so shamefully regardless of their Reputation! I must own, we meet with some who much less dread undergoing conscious Blushes in private, than they do becoming the Scorn of others; and, therefore, whenever they have it in their power to gratify their Appetites, without

out much Danger of being exposed to public Censure, they then give a Loose to their Passions, and eagerly run headlong into monstrous Disorders. But, the Majority of these, in losing their Innocence, part with their All; and having once sacrificed what they call their Honour, devalue themselves of all Sense of Shame for ever after. They then eternally bid *Adieu* to this Self-Love we speak of: *Adieu* then to the Impressions of this Passion, so delicate, so imperceptible (as we may say) to those in whom it predominates: This Passion which so insensibly steals in among all States and Conditions, and even into all our Actions; insomuch, that there may, perhaps, be something of a Self-Love even in the greatest Excesses of Women. I say perhaps there may; but this is what I should not care to affirm: But I dare venture much more confidently to avow, that it accompanies the purest and most refined Vertue.

We must acknowledge, that *Angelica* leads a most recluse Life; and that she deports herself with an Appearance of Modesty

Modesty scarce to be paralleled. Her Assiduity in frequenting the Church, and her great Regard for good Books, particularly the Holy Scriptures, must be allowed to be what is extremely edifying and commendable. O how acceptable, in the Eyes of the Almighty, would *Angelica* be, if, in this exact Performance of her Duty, she was indifferent, with regard to the Notice taken of her for so doing ! But alas ! the Share she has of this same Self-Love, obscures all her most pious Practises in the Sight of the Supreme Being, who, without much Regard to the Exterior, demands of us our Hearts, and requires, that we should love and serve Him for His own Sake alone. How then can we please Him, in the Exercise of His Precepts (even to the utmost of our weak Power, and with the Assistance of Divine Grace) if, in the Performance, our main View is Worldly Esteem and Applause ?

I confess, that the Desire of Worldly Esteem, which so prevails, is truly Praise-worthy, and that the Dread of
C being

being contemptible in the World's Eye, is an Article of such popular Benefit and Advantage, that to it alone we are, perhaps, indebted for all the Vertue to be met with in Women.

“ WE must do Women the Justice
“ (says *Monsieur* BAYLE) to confess,
“ that a great Number of them do ab-
“ solutely refrain from Impudicity: But
“ this does not proceed from their be-
“ ing endowed with a larger Portion of
“ Grace than the Men; or that the
“ Love they have for God gives them
“ a greater Strength to resist the Temp-
“ tation. Why what is it then? It is,
“ because they are restrained by the rigid
“ Laws of Honour, which exposes them
“ to Infamy, when they suffer them-
“ selves to be led away by the Dictates
“ of their frail Nature. It is very cer-
“ tain, that had not Man made Chasti-
“ ty and Honour in a Woman insepar-
“ able, Woman would have been as
“ generally plunged in the Sins of the
“ Flesh as Men; nay, according to all
“ Appearance, they would have pur-
“ sued those Sins with a far superior
“ Vigour;

“Vigour; since it is very evident, that
“this Passion is abundantly more vio-
“lent in Women than it is in Men.”

WELL and good: Let it be Fear of
the World, and to avoid giving it
Scandal: With all my Heart. But if
Angelica was a truly vertuous Woman,
she would have still a greater Regard
to her Conscience, and would, in the first
Place, seek her own Edification. For
my Part, I look on her with Contempt:
Nor do I make the least Account of her
Vertue; because, in the Practise thereof,
she has nothing in View, but to draw
every one's Eyes towards her, and really
believes herself the Object of universal
Admiration. But, after all, can I rea-
sonably despise her for a Weakness ab-
solutely inseparable from Human Na-
ture? Who knows not, that Self-Love
has its Abode as well in the Shep-
herd's Cottage, as in the Monarch's
Palace? All People, from the meanest
to the most exalted, are tainted with
this detestable Passion: And are we then
to allow the Fair Sex none of the Pre-
rogatives they appropriate to them-
selves?

selves? But do I think well upon what I am saying? And can I, without committing a Crime, speak any thing in Favour of *Angelica*, who is so devoured with this Love, this Adoration of her own precious Self, that she has not a single favourable Glance to spare for any other Mortal!

ONE evident Proof, that Self-Love is the *Primum Mobile* of *Angelica's* whole Contexture, and the *Axis* upon which turns all her exterior Appearance of Piety, is, that, contrary to Custom in the Sex, she speaks little. One may perceive in her Discourse a certain Air of Constraint, which plainly shews us, that she utters not half of what she thinks. It is a Maxim of great Utility to Self-Lovers, *to know how to be Silent.*

“ For (says a most excellent Author*)
 “ whether the irregular Movement of
 “ Human Minds subverts the just Posi-
 “ tion of Ideas in the Soul; or whe-
 “ ther the Soul, by the Nature of its
 “ Essence, lies exposed to all the Ex-

* M. L'Abbe de Varennes, in his excellent Treatise *Des Hommes.*

“ travagan-

“travagancies which agitate it; what
 “ridiculous Thoughts possess not the
 “Breasts even of those whom we look
 “upon to be Persons of the best Sense!
 “Raving aloud, and raving softly,
 “makes almost the whole Difference
 “between Minds. The Wise amuse
 “themselves with their Follies secretly:
 “Fools cannot conceal theirs.”—The
 true *English* of all which seems to be:
 “In order to attack Self-Love, one
 “must be provided with a good strong
 “Dose of it.”—A certain Writer says;
 “That under severe Censuring and con-
 “tinual Criticising, lies hid a copious
 “Share of most subtil Self-Sufficiency.”
 So that I find myself constrained to avow,
 that all our Principles are in a State of
 Corruption, and that the best of People
 are Dupes and Slaves to their Pride and
 Vanity. A few small Grains of these Pas-
 sions have made the greatest Part of all the
 Martyrs and Apostates; and, to this Day,
 they are the very Soul of Charity. Do
 you believe, that *Clarinda* would be so
 excessively punctual in casting her Offer-
 ing into the Poor’s Box, as she comes

out of the Church, if she knew those who come behind her did not take Notice of it? Or that *Vastalia* does so much Good to the young *Philemon*, whom she took from the most abject Misery, and uses like her own Child, if she thought he would repay her with Ingratitude? This is a Point upon which she is far from being insensible. No; her Self-Love already anticipates the flattering Pleasure of his future Acknowledgements. Thus is her Vertue of very little Value: It is a Composition, which is made up of a moderate Portion of Goodness, with abundance of Evil, Self-Love, Vain-Glory and Interest: A Mixture of Earth, among which may be seen shining five or six small Grains of Gold Dust: It is a Chimera. Among Men, it is the Art of passing for perfect; a Sort of Self-Deification: In the Eye of God, it is just Nothing at all.

SOME will, perhaps, be apt to tell me, that, at least I must allow *Philippa's* Vertue to be real and solid. "Ever since
 "her Husband's Death, she has intire-
 "ly quitted the World; avoids all
 "Com-

“ Company ; employs her whole Time
 “ in Devotion ; nay, so small a Regard
 “ has she to Worldly Riches, that she
 “ actually distributes all her Wealth a-
 “ mong the Poor, having no Children to
 “ leave it to. Does she not secretly
 “ support such and such unhappy Fa-
 “ milies, which, without her Charities,
 “ would infallibly perish ? ” Extremely
 good. *Philippa* goes strait to Hea-
 ven by the Path of Poverty. This
 Path, being very little trod, is abundant-
 ly more difficult to be traced than that
 which is generally practised : And there-
 fore her Self-Love is the more flattered by
 the Difficulties she encounters therein. ---
 Observe after what Manner she laments
 herself since she has been visited by her
 present Fever. “ Alas ! cries she, I
 “ am deserted ! People seem to fly me !
 “ Why am I thus left alone in this Con-
 “ dition ? ” Is there any thing more
 terrible and insupportable in this Condi-
 tion, than there is in that Indigence and
 Misery to which she reduces herself by
 the Alms she bestows ? For it must be
 owned, that she does extraordinary

Deeds of Charity : Whence then proceed these Tears and Sobblings? Why, it is, because her being thus left alone in her Sickness, gives her to understand, that she is not much pitied.—But, take Notice of the Extravagancy and Oddness of her Caprice! When I and some others have gone, and let her know our Concern for her Indisposition and Misfortunes, we only augmented them. She then fancies we suspect, that she does not suffer with Constancy under her Afflictions; which, in short, is the real Truth. Now, it is Self-Love, and nothing else, that produces these contrary Effects.—What are we then to say or think of *Philipila*?— But the Mischief of it all is, that there are Multitudes of Women of this very Character.

ALEXIA is utterly regardless of what is talked of her; but, in Spite of Criticism, is, in a good round Pace, hastening on towards a Perfection in Vertue. She is Proof against the keenest Strokes of Slander and Calumny. She very well knows, that her Zeal and Devotion are construed to be mere Bigotry, Cant and Hypo-

Hypocrisy ; but she despises those who talk so, and contents herself, as she says, with sighing in secret for the Injury they do themselves. Abominable ! I myself, not long since, having made this Pious Lady a Visit, inadvertently happened to drop a trifling Expression, which seemed in some Measure to reflect on her Conduct : This so effectually awaked her from her Lethargy, that she instantly forbid me her House.— Now, let any one, after this, brag to me of her Ladyship's Insensibility ! Those, indeed, who are wholly ignorant of a thousand Secret Histories, concerning her, and wherewith I am perfectly well acquainted, rather please than vex her in attacking her on her Assiduity in frequenting the Churches : She has the Pleasure of upbraiding them with their Libertinism, and the Satisfaction of believing the World is deceived by the exterior Appearances of a counterfeit Piety.

BUT, in order to furnish the Sex with a Remedy for their Self-Love, one needs only recal them their first Origin,

and, put them in Mind, that this Favourite Passion may effectually be the Source of all Vertue, when it engages them no farther than to procure to themselves real Advantages, and so to love themselves as to deem none but their Creator to be worthy of them. Then, in deed, all their Irregularities would vanish, and, even in their own Selves, they would not love any thing but their Indifference for all the rest.

THEY ought, likewise, to learn how to value Things according to the true Merit; and to that Effect (as Madame Lambert says) "One should properly distinguish
 " between such Qualities as are truly of
 " the *estimable*, and those which are only
 " of the *agreeable* Nature." --- "The *first*
 " (adds this Lady) are real and intrinsical-
 " ly in Things, and, by the Laws of Justice,
 " have a natural Right to our Esteem."
 To *these* we cannot perceive, that Women have much Title: But of the *others*, the *agreeable* Qualities, we will not dispute with them the Possession: Would to God, alas! we could. But *these* are only superficial; *they* result from the
 Dis-

Disposition of their Organs, and the Strength of their Imagination. " This " is so indisputably true (adds Madame " *Lambert*) that the same Object makes " not the same Impression on all Men ; " and People must frequently change " their Sentiments, notwithstanding the " Object has not undergone the least " Alteration."

BEING favoured, by an ingenious Friend, with the following Piece, which, is in some Measure, applicable to the Subject, and was by him, composed on a Fact he knows to be true, I shall therewith conclude this Chapter.

CHICKEN-BROTH. A Tale.

WHEN *Sylvia*, sick--of nothing but the *Spleen*,
Refus'd her *Tea*, nor wou'd by Friends be
seen ;

The Doctor, 'shame'd his ill Success to see,
Had half a Scruple once to take a Fee.
At length, one Morn, he pull'd the Nurse aside,
Keep her, be sure, from Chicken-Broth, he cry'd.
The Project took. ---- As soon as he was gone,
Sylvia, who heard the Whisper, thus run on.
Keep me from Chicken-Broth! by all that's bad;
Nurse, you've told Tales! Or sure the Doctor's mad!
What else provokes him to forbid me Meat
I never call for, and he knows I hate!

*He has some secret Meaning in't, no Doubt!
 I'd give a Guinea I cou'd find it out.
 That's Poz; e'er since he nam'd the odious Mess,
 I find my Loathing ev'ry Moment less :
 Nay, my Antipathy abates so fast,
 'Tis well if I shan't long for it at last.
 I'm serious, Nurse; haste you to Market quick,
 And bring me thence a plump and tender Chick.
 And bark ye Susan; mind me what I say;
 Be sure you dress it --- the forbidden Way:
 I'll disappoint the Doctor, by my Troth;
 And try to eat the Flesh and sup the Broth.
 The Chicken came, and Sylvia to it fell:
 She eat forbidden Food; and she was well.*

RIGHT! Said one who read this.—
 But what Need is there of Instances, to
 prove a Woman's being possessed with the
 Spirit of Contradiction?

C H A P. IV.

Concerning the Choice of a STATE of LIFE.

THE young Ladies, among us, are
 not allowed to chuse for them-
 selves, what Condition of Life they are
 disposed to embrace. Be in the World
 they must; must live there, and play
 their Part as well as they are able. But
 among

among the *Roman Catholics*, vulgarly called *Papists*, a Married or Conventual Life are the two Things offered to their Choice ; or rather, to speak more justly, to the Choice of their Parents. Tho' all the Success that may be expected from thence, depends less upon exterior Events, than upon certain Inclinations, a certain Taste, and a certain natural Bent and Propensity of their own ; yet, are they themselves seldom consulted about the Matter. The Fathers and Mothers regulate the Lot and Condition of their Families, precisely according to the Number of their Children, according to the different Rates of their Possessions, or, rather indeed, almost always according to the Vanity they have of giving them an Education above their Fortune : And thus truly it frequently happens, that some Children are made unhappy Victims, and are sacrificed to the Caprice of a partial and unjust Fondness for some particular Favourite Son, or Daughter.

AGENOR has a very promising Son :
He is full of Life and Vivacity ; and he
has

has all the Qualifications that are requisite to make his Fortune in the World. But then, there is a Daughter who stands in the Way, and will carry off a great Part of his Substance. Unhappy Object! *Amintha* is not so much as to be looked on, in the House of her own Father, without an Eye of Indignation. She is ill-treated by her Mother and by her Brother. The Door is everlastingly shut against all Suitors, even the Wealthiest, who seek her in Marriage. Her Inclination leads her, even at the Risque of being exposed to its Bitternesses, to taste the Sweets and Pleasures of that State. But if she is married off, why then, upon that Consideration, there must be paid down on the Nail 20,000 *Florins*; and so much must be pared and clipped away from the Portion of her Brother. *Patience*; says *Agenor* to himself: There is a Remedy for every Thing: We must e'en make a Nun of her. No sooner had this Expedient seized his Imagination, but he was in a Hurry to have it executed. Well: But what are the Consequences of

of all this? “ The young *Amintha* (as
“ we are told by *Abbé de Varennes*) as
“ famed for her Wisdom as for her
“ Beauty; of a lively and solid Genius;
“ she who applies herself to Reading
“ with so much Ardour; who gathers
“ Instruction with so much Profit; who
“ has so much Ability to make a pro-
“ per Use of all her Knowledge; hap-
“ py in her Productions; polite in her
“ Discourses; modest in her Deport-
“ ment; judicious in the Choice of her
“ Employments and Diversions; know-
“ ing in her Duties, and fulfilling them
“ with Exactitude; flying, with wise
“ Precaution, the World, without ha-
“ ting it; always enjoying a perfect
“ Calm of Mind; loved, respected,
“ nay honoured by all her Acquain-
“ tance; this same amiable young *A-*
“ *mintha*, let me tell you, who now,
“ for three Years past, wears the Habit
“ of a Virgin, is become the Scandal of
“ the Place she lives in, by the absolute
“ Abhorrence she has to all its Duties;
“ by the Irregularity of her Conduct,
“ and by that Peevishness of Temper
“ she

“ she has contracted, which sours her
 “ Mind, and preys upon her very Vi-
 “ tals, in that her detested Retreat.
 “ What a Turn of Destiny is this!
 “ How can it enter any one’s Imagina-
 “ tion, that nothing else but her Hap-
 “ piness was in View, when, thus in
 “ Spite of her Teeth, they immured
 “ her in a Cloister !”

Now, what Hopes can one reason-
 ably entertain of the future Felicity of
 such Parents? One robs the Almighty
 of a Minister worthy His Altars, in or-
 der to make of him a very indifferent
 Warrior: Another deprives the World
 of a Woman of singular Merit, purely
 to make of her a Nun, without one
 Spark of Vertue !

CEPHISA, Heart-sick of Celibacy,
 and a Recluse Life, for neither of which
 she was ever created, scales the Garden-
 Wall at Mid-Night, and follows her
 Lover into a Foreign Land, where, to
 justify her Procedure, she pleads Liber-
 ty of Conscience.—*Amalissa*, adorned
 with no less Merit than *Amintba*, and
 doomed to a like unjust Fate, sets Fire

to

to the Nunnery, quits it amidst the Confusion, and throws herself into the Arms of *Philemon*, who proposed to convey her, the Lord knows whither: But they being known, and secured before they got out of *France*, they made an *Exit* suitable to their Offences. These are Adventures which come to pass almost every Day: More than one *Amintha*, more than one *Amalissa* know their own Pictures by these Sketches.

NOT that we are to conclude, that all Nuns are made such by the Choice or Decree of their Parents. No; No: Very often they have none to lay the Blame on but their own Caprice, or a certain disdainful Pride which persuades them, no Man on Earth is worthy of them; so presuming are they on their fancied Merit. Sometimes Despair has a good Hand in the Business: A ripe, forward Lass has the Mortification of beholding her younger Sister marry before her; and this makes her think of turning NUN.

A VOCATION of so pure a Nature must needs be highly Meritorious in the Eyes of God. I acknowledge that *Elvira*,

vira, influenced by a quite different Principle, has thrown herself into a Convent, nothing being able to hinder her from it. Flesh and Blood had nothing to do in this Choice; I do not so much as suspect that Self-Love had any Share at all in it. Before her Retirement, she gave herself up intirely to the Duties of a virtuous young Woman, under the Inspection of that excellent *Christian* her Mother; denying herself the most innocent Recreations. Yet this Sacrifice, which must have cost her many a bitter Conflict, was thought too insignificant, till she condemned herself to as rigid a Mortification, as any among the whole Number of those who embrace a Monastic Life. *Elvira* is the only Instance which can persuade me that her Sex is capable of utterly renouncing the Conveniences of Life.

IN the Beginning of this Chapter, it was intimated, that, among the Protestants, the Girls had only *Hobson's* Choice, to wit, *Marriage*; but surely you do not imagine, that they have not yet discovered that cruel Secret of
forc-

forcing their Inclinations. Parents act in this, even almost, as if it was a Business for a Day only. The Lovers Deserts are weighed by their Riches; and Five Hundred or a Thousand Pounds, more or less, shall turn the Scale against all that is agreeable and praiseworthy: You may judge of it by this Story. *Phillis* was very strenuously courted, for Marriage, by two Lovers. The one was a young Man of a good Family, well made, had gentile Education, and was possessed of every Accomplishment of Body and Mind; but had only a slender Fortune. The other was a mere *Hob*, in his whole Deportment, always slovenly in his Cloaths, heavy-headed, without the least Breeding, and noted thro' all the Town for a very Brute; but then he was a plodding Fellow, of indefatigable Pains, and what was the main Point, twice as rich as his Rival. He no sooner demanded *Phillis*, but obtained her. She had long since soothed herself with the pleasing Hopes of one Day offering up, to blissful *Hymen*, the precious Sacrifice of

of her Virginity in the Arms of a beloved Husband. But upon hearing, that she was destined to *Florimond*, all the gay Ideas wherewith she had amused herself, from the Age of Fifteen till now, instantly disappeared; she fell into an Insensibility as to Love, and that Heart, which was before so tender, was on a sudden metamorphosed into an obdurate Rock. Yet Obedience was the Word, and within a Month she was delivered into the Power of a detested Husband. *Clitander*, for so the other Suitor was called, did not appear in the least chagrined at the Indignity put upon him, tho' it really touched him to the Quick, and caused him, tacitly, to exclaim most virulently against the Injustice of that inconstant dull, blind Jilt, *Fortune*, who, so apparently, had overlooked him in the Distribution of her Favours; nay, I may venture to say, that a Consciousness of his superior Desert brought into his Mouth, more than once, Words like these:

*Gaming and Love, alike, uncertain are,
Merit is often caught in Fortune's Snare.*

*He who has Arts, and Arms, and Worth to boot,
Must oft give Way to the most Rustic Brute.*

At

At first he might justly have vented his Spleen in this Manner, but such was his good Fortune, soon after, that, *on the very Day of her Marriage*, his lovely Mistress *made him* the *Present* of her *Virginity*. I shall not relate how this happened. Imagine some very extraordinary Adventure; yet, still you may possibly fall short of any true Idea of that which brought about the longed-for Happiness of these true Lovers. It is enough to know, that both were so well pleased with this first Meeting, that *Phillis* pursues the Joy, and makes herself ample Amends, in the Arms of the sprightly *Clitander*, for all the Brutalities of a churlish Husband. This pretty Intrigue is of six or seven Years standing, and *Florimond* still a Stranger to the whole Affair. I ask, upon whom does the Guilt of *Phillis's* Crime fall, and whom is it to be thought, God will call to Account for it? She is most certainly guilty of *Adultery*, it cannot be denied; but why was she, for ever, and utterly against her Will, yoked to such a *Hottentot*, who seems rather

ther born to range the Forests, with Wild Beasts, than to live among Rational Creatures?

C H A P. V.

Of the Religion and Devotion of
W O M E N.

IMPIETY, as I said before, is not a *Female Vice*: That *Women* have a great deal more Religion than *Men*, is a Piece of Justice which cannot be denied them. Tho' I cannot help thinking but that all Women should be of the *Roman-Catholic* Religion. It would save them a long, abstruse, and wearisome Examination, of which, by the Narrowness of their Education, they are not very capable; besides, they might then, without any Scruple, follow the Religion of their Mother, as they all do. A roving Faith sits easily upon them; For to embrace some Points and reject others, and to convince oneself of the Truth of a System of Divinity, requires hard Study

Study and intense Thinking. The Reasons on both Sides must be thoroughly sifted. What Care and Perplexity would this cost? It is much easier to *believe* whatever the Church *believes*; concluding that she can never be wrong, tho' she should teach that *Black* is *White*. Transcendent Religion! If this Road leads to Heaven, it is by much the easiest and shortest Cut.

OUR *Protestant* Ladies trouble themselves very little more with examining into their Religion, than if they were *Catholics*; yet outwardly they are so persuaded of its Truths, that their Zeal for the Conversion of *Papists* breaks forth with the utmost Ardour, on every Occasion: We know they will leave no Stone unturned to procure a comfortable Settlement for a Renegado Convert *Monk*, and that they are mighty assiduous in Works of Piety; but then their Immodesty at Church glares in the Eyes of the whole World; and the enormous Irregularities into which the Majority of the Sex plunge themselves, excites Horror in all who are virtuous,

ous, and deserves the most severe Re-
proof.

IN the Manner our Ladies go to hear the sacred Word of God, and by their light Carriage when in his holy House, does not Religion seem sunk away into a mere Formality, and the going to Church only the Effect of a continued Custom? — *Belisa* complains of a grievous sore Throat, of the Head-Ach, of every Thing; but do not fondly imagine, that her Distemper is such as to oblige her to keep her Bed, or so much as her Chamber; yet there she buries herself for six Weeks. In the mean Time she plays at *Quadrille*, and receives Visits; but cannot go to Church: With a seemingly no small Concern, she complains of her anonymous Indisposition which will not allow her to stir out. At length she appears above the Horizon, and I perceived, at her next Visibility abroad, that this long Seclusion was only to give her Manteau-Maker Time to finish her Suit of Brocade, or to recover her Plumpness, or perhaps to stay till the florid Mr. T*** should preach. I dare almost

almost swear this last Motive chiefly induced her to retire, tho' the other Two might have had some Share in it. Those aukward Preachers who expound the Word of God in a plain, *hum-drum* Manner, and cannot display those graceful Airs, in the Pulpit, which make the fashionable Preacher so much admired, are not followed; and indeed what should one do at Church to hear those dull Fellows, who understand not how to embellish their Discourses with polite Expressions, nor give a flowing Turn to their Periods. “ *In the Primitive Times* “ *of Christianity, and since, says an emi-* “ *nent Author, People attended with* “ *Pleasure to Truth, tho' unadorned, na-* “ *ked and jejune: From whence soever it* “ *came, it was received with a hearty* “ *Welcome; for it was always Truth. But* “ *now-a-Days no-Body will be saved in so* “ *coarse and vulgar a Manner; no, the* “ *Fashion is to hear a handsome Spark of* “ *an Orator, with a delicate and moving* “ *Voice, and easy Gestures, according to* “ *the nicest Rules of Art, who harangues* “ *with an Infinity of Wit, who pronounces*
D “ *his*

“ his elaborate Periods with a Cadence
 “ which ravishes the Ear. What Pity it
 “ is this sublime Orator is too short in his
 “ Sermon! With what eager Pleasure
 “ they swallow all his Arguments! If I
 “ may presume to complain, it is, that
 “ both Shepherd and Flock have missed of
 “ the Truth; but that was not what they
 “ wanted. He came to make a public Shew
 “ of his nice Shape, his sortly Mien, his lively
 “ Wit, his graceful Gestures, and other
 “ Charms of his refined Deportment. They,
 “ on their Side, heavenly-minded Souls!
 “ came only to see a handsome, well-shaped,
 “ young Fellow, with a clear Voice and an
 “ agreeable Delivery; so they break-up
 “ exceedingly pleased with each other.”

Upon the whole of this Matter, — *Belisa*, who came with no other View, returns home highly delighted after the Entertainment of such Devotion.

You think, that *Lisimias* is more scrupulous, and that her Notions about the Duties of Religion are abundantly more spiritualized than those of *Belisa*. Not at all. If she frequents the Church oftener, it is but to find Fault, and pick-up

up some Scandal; as *Cloris* goes, only to see and be seen. Where shall one find a Girl, or a young married Woman, even among those who are most constant in their Attendance at Church, who comes thither purely to perform that Duty which the Supreme Author of Nature enjoins to all them who profess a Belief in him? For a *Devotée* does not always mean a *Devout Person*; they are two very different Things, and, in the common Way of speaking, have quite an opposite Sense. A *Devotée* is a whimsical, peevish Woman, who is offended at other Peoples Actions, who abuses every-Body, and whom every-Body fears and despises. To be punctual in shewing one's self at all Holy Places, to be very long-winded, and very loud in praying, there to judge rashly of the Uprightness of those who are present, and to swell with a self-sufficient Admiration of one's self; all this enters into the Character of a *Devotée*. To be truly *Devout*, is to be mild, condescending, peaceable and religious, all together; it is to censure Vice, without

Anger; to extol Virtue, without Emotion; to serve God, without any outward Shew; to pray to Him, without Noise; to frequent the Church, without any private Design; and to be pious, without the Reputation of being so. It is to be sparing in Admonitions, to reserve them for proper Occasions, and not expose Virtue overhastily; it is to bear with Men, to away with their Actions, to conform to the general Taste, if it be right; and, if it be depraved, to deviate from it, without letting the World know we do so. A *Devotée* brings an Odium upon Religion, while a *Devout Woman* causes it to be revered and admired. In the *former*, its Exterior appears sullen and deceitful; the *latter*, shews it to be amiable, mild, and noble.

THE Devotion most current in these Times, is very near a-kin to Hypocrisy; or, if you please, to Bigotry. Narrow Minds, which are incapable of any serious Search after Truth, are very subject to it; and for this Reason *Women* are more commonly infected with it, than
Men.

Men. It is often the Effect of Constitution; and sometimes it is the Child of Self-Love. In a Word, as Lord *Shaftesbury* says, *Bigotry hurries us away into the most furious Excesses, upon Trifles of no manner of Concern*; so that, according to this *Idea*, we must account it a Vice which renders us sworn Enemies to all Controversy. A false *Devotée* never forgives, and looks upon those, who would underceive her, as inveterate Enemies. “ Besides, a *Bigot* fancies her
 “ own most minute Notions to be of
 “ such Importance, that when she finds
 “ them in any other, she considers them
 “ as the most solid Merit; and the Luster
 “ of the brightest Qualities shall be to-
 “ tally obscured in those who do not
 “ hold even the very least of her dar-
 “ ling Notions. With her, they who
 “ will not admit of all the *Rites* of her
 “ *Sect*, are *Infidels*, tho’ they subscribe
 “ to all the *Truths* of the *Gospel*, and
 “ the whole Tenor of their Life be per-
 “ fectly conformable thereto; while
 “ another, full of Ignorance and Vice,
 “ a Scandal to true *Christianity*, shall

“ be revered by her, as a glorious Pillar
 “ of the Church, for no other Reason
 “ than inveighing against *Dissenters*.”

IN the Transports of that wild and cruel Zeal, which sets her on Fire, she will wish the Destruction of all who do not conform to her Irregularities; nay more, she would fain have the Administration of Justice put into her Hands, not to exercise it on Malefactors, but to lay about her on every one who has not the Gift of Faith; and tho’ she thus thirsts after human Blood, she dares assume the merciful Name of a *Christian*, and of a *Reformed Christian* too. On this Occasion, she tramples under Foot her very fundamental Principles, to reproach the *Papists* with the monstrous Massacre they made of the *Protestants* in *France*, Bigotry, as *Jesus Christ* himself teaches, in the Description he gives us of the *Pharisees*, ties us up to a scrupulous Observance of little Insignificancies, as *not to eat without washing one’s Hands*, &c. and causes us to neglect the Essentials of Religion; something like the *Neapolitan High-Lander*, who coming

ing to Confession, and being examined concerning the Sins he might have committed, answered very gravely; *I happened to swallow some Drops of the Whey, which flew into my Mouth out of the Press, where I was making Cheese. This is the only Sin that I know I have committed.* The Priest, perceiving the Simplicity of this honest Peasant, *asked him,* if he had not been concerned in the Robberies and Murders which were committed daily in the Mountains; he frankly replied, “*Yes; but he thought* “there was no Harm in it, and that “Confession did not in any wise relate “to what was done by him, in Con- “junction with the Body of those of his “Neighbourhood.”

IN fine, *Bigotry* makes the most weighty and sacred Concerns, among Men, give Way to the single Interest of a Fanatical Sect. According to the Estimate of a *Devotée*, to make a Profelyte, is more considerable than to save a Nation. In short, *Bigotry* is a Weed which, except it be pulled up by the Root, choaks all generous Products in the Soil

which nourishes it : As its *Effects* are detestable, so are its *Causes* unreasonable. It is a mean-spirited Vice. It inclines a Man to shut his own Eyes to follow others in the Dark, and to renounce his own *Reason*, which is the finest Gift bestowed on us by the Deity, and the noblest Prerogative of our Nature. It is a rude and unsociable Vice; it makes us out-face every-Body, and prompts us to usurp that Freedom of Argument which we cannot ingross to ourselves, without breaking-in upon the Rights of Society. It is an *Anti-Christian* Vice, directly repugnant to *Humility*, which is the *Basis* of the *Gospel*, and instructs us to look on others as more excellent than ourselves. This *Vice* is the very Bane of *Philosophy* and *Truth*; taking away from us all Inclination and Means to inform ourselves and extend our Knowledge. This *Vice* is chiefly pernicious, as to *Politics*, for give it the Head, and it runs into Jealousies, Feuds, Outrages, Persecutions, bloody and unnatural Wars. A *Nation* of *Bigots* resembles a *State* of *Nature*, where every single Person

son must stand in Fear of all the rest, Such is the general Idea which may be formed of *Female-Devotion*, wherein consists all the *Christianity* of most *Women* now-a-Days; and I may add, of above Half the *Men*. The Name of *Christian*, at present, only serves to secure us from those brutal Passions of which an honest *Pagan* would be ashamed. Is this the *Spirit* of that *pure Religion* taught us by our Blessed Saviour? Blush, *Belisa*, blush for that Frenzy which renders you a Slave to the young *Licion*. Is it *Religion* which has hitherto restrained you from sacrificing your Honour to him? Tell me, *Lycia*; can you be ignorant of what you have heard so often preached? that Patience, Meekness, and Lenity, are the Characteristics of *Christianity*? Then, how dare you appear in *Christian Assemblies*, breathing nothing but Hatred and Revenge? How dare you prostrate yourself in God's awful House, more puffed up with Pride, than with that unwieldy Fat which almost choaks you? Know, that such a Frame of Mind will utterly

exclude you from the Inheritance of those *who are meek and lowly of Heart*. For a poor, aged Woman, if in mean Attire, to sit beside you, is insupportable : Fear, or rather tremble least your Youth and Finery render you unworthy of approaching *Jesus Christ* in Glory. In fine, *Belisa*, become humble and modest, perform your Duty for the Love of God alone, and then will I no longer tax your *Religion* with *Hypocrisy*, nor your *Devotion* with *Bigotry* : But how am I concerned, when I think how very far you are from so advantageous, so happy a Change ; yet to make it as easy to you as I can, here are some Remedies, for your Use against a Distemper which seems incurable.

1. LAY aside that *conceited Presumption* which makes you despise those who do not imitate you in every Thing, and who are not obliged to it, till you yourself shall imitate that Pattern of the most perfect Humility, *Christ Jesus*.

2. OFTEN reflect, how very obnoxious to *Error* the Mind of Man is, by its own Nature ; and forbear hastily
to

to decide Questions which you do not understand.

3. FORBEAR, also, to treat Persons of a different *Religion*, with that Contempt, of which you have, hitherto, affected to give public Marks. Rather than shun, keep Company with them. You will improve in Knowledge by their Conversation ; whereby a Path will be opened to you which leads to *Truth*.

4. CHIEFLY, endeavour to beget in yourself a firm *Integrity*, without *Vain-glory*, and a generous *Love* for *Truth*.

5. Do not change your Opinion lightly, but maturely examine every Argument *Pro* and *Con* : To act otherwise is to make slight of *Religion*, to trample under Foot the sacred and inviolable Laws of Conscience ; in a Word, it is despising, or rather insulting, Almighty God himself, seated on the Throne of his Immensity !

CHAP. VI.

*Of LOVE, and the Excesses caused by it
in WOMEN.*

LOVE, tho' it be sometimes pleasing, by the dear Illusions with which it sooths our Hopes; is oftener a Kind of Frenzy, or a blind, brutish Ardour, which quite overthrows our Reason; Horace very frankly tells his dear Lydia, (Ode 25. B. 1.)

*Cum tibi flagrans Amor & Libido, &c.**

And, as a French Poet sings,

*To Follies let us not be blind,
Nor yet excuse what's past;
For the first Sighs of Love, you'll find,
Of Wisdom are the last.*

THIS

* When Lust, as fierce, as Mares Desires,
Thy ulcerous Heart and Liver fires,
Then thou shalt mourn, but mourn in vain,
That wanton Youth seeks blooming Charms,
And greener Arms;
While longing Age still meets with cold Disdain.

CREECH.

THIS unruly Passion convinces us of the Weakness of our Nature, at the same Time that it lets us into its Energy and Prerogatives, which exalt us the nearest to a Resemblance of the Deity, by the Faculty we have of Propagating our Species. Consult *Horace* about this, who has transmitted to Posterity the Remembrance of his *Amours*, and the Names of his several *Mistresses*. He was a Sage, no less famous, among the ancient *Romans*, for his Gallantries, than his incomparable Writings; which is not much to be wondered at; for the most austere Philosophers sometimes feel the powerful Effects of *Love*.

To know all the Disorders which this Passion can raise in the Mind, one need only read the lively Picture *Ovid* has drawn of *Byblis's* Passion for her Brother *Caunus**. “ At first, says he, “ this Girl did not believe her Passion “ to be Love. To be continually caressing and kissing her Brother, seemed “ to her only an innocent Effect of “ sisterly

* In his *Metamorphoses*, Book ix. Fab. 2.

“ sisterly Affection: But at last her
“ Passion shewed itself by Degrees.
“ Every Time she was to see her Bro-
“ ther, she set herself off with the most
“ shining Ornaments, that she might
“ appear lovely in his Eyes; and was
“ seized with Jealousy, whenever any
“ one, whom she thought handsomer
“ than herself, was in Company with
“ him. But hitherto she was a Stranger
“ both to her Passion, and to her very
“ self. This unknown Fire which con-
“ sumed her, had not broke out into
“ any Vows, or Desires; but such a vi-
“ olent Love soon overcame the irk-
“ some Restraints of Modesty. At last
“ she proceeded to a Resolution of writ-
“ ing to her darling Brother; and, lean-
“ ing on her Table: Happen what
“ will, says she, I must disclose this
“ extravagant Passion: but, O immor-
“ tal Gods! into what an Abyss am I
“ precipitating myself! How shocking
“ and detestable is the Flame which
“ fires my raging Blood! She began to
“ write, but her timorous Hand trem-
“ bled, and she hesitated, whether she
“ should

" should go thro' with it. One Hand
 " holds the Pen, and the other the Paper.
 " She reads over a thousand Times
 " what she has writ ; she strikes out,
 " and alters, and at that Instant inserts
 " again what she had just erased. The
 " Words please her, yet she condemns
 " the Meaning, and is ashamed of it.
 " Now she is for tearing her Letter, but
 " straitway she lays it down again ; she
 " knows not what to do, and all she
 " wills, displeases her. A Mixture of
 " Boldness and Timidity flushed in her
 " Countenance. She had put the Name
 " of Sister in her Letter, but upon read-
 " ing it over again, she blotted it out".
 This Letter, which had caused *Byblis*
 so much Trouble, was very ill received
 by *Caunus*.— The poor Girl imagines
 she was in the Wrong to trust herself to
 Paper, and that it were better she her-
 self had made known her Desires.
 " Her Mind was strangely agitated.
 " Tho' she repents trying her Brother,
 " she tries him again. She throws off
 " all Bashfulness, and speaks to him
 " herself ; nor can a thousand bitter
 " Repul-

“ Repulses make her desist from expo-
“ sing herself to fresh Affronts. At
“ length *Caunus*, seeing his Sister’s un-
“ natural Blindness was so far from
“ abating, that it grew upon her with
“ unbounded Fury, left his Home, and
“ built a City in a foreign Country ;
“ judging his Absence to be the only
“ Cure for this execrable Passion. But
“ this only served to set this wretched
“ Damsel the more on Fire. She wrung
“ her Hands, she tore her Garments,
“ and her Hair, and such was the Ve-
“ hemency of her libidinous Calenture,
“ that she was not ashamed openly to
“ avow, that all this tumultuous An-
“ guish sprung from the repeated Sights
“ of her Brother, on account of the re-
“ sistless Love she bore him.” It were
happy if the acute Pains of Love could
induce us *to give it over* ; but alas ! they
rather hurry us into Despair, when we
cannot attain to the Possession of the
adored Object.

So that this Passion being thus ardent
and powerful, it is Matter of Wonder,
any more can be associated with it. But
on

on the other Hand, we ought not to be surpris'd that it eggs Women on to such Enormities as are disgraceful to Religion, and brings innumerable Mischiefs on Society; for the more infamous any Vice is, the more Women give themselves up to it, and even with a furious Kind of Eagerness *. Every where, holy *Rome* itself not excepted, there are public Places devoted to the vilest Debaucheries, where Girls and married Women, utterly lost to all Shame and Modesty, venally prostitute themselves. It is the Trade they live by. Mr. *St. Didier*, the Count *d'Avaux's* Gentleman, in the Account he gives of the City of *Venice*, assures us; That out of Ten Girls, who prostitute themselves, Nine are sold by their Mothers and Aunts, who strike a Bargain themselves for the Girl's Maiden-heads, at one or two Hun-

* *Fortem animum præstant rebus quas turpiter Audent* —————

They turn *Viragoes* too; the Wrestler's Toil
They try, and smear their naked Limbs with
Oil, &c.

DRYDEN.

Hundred Ducats for a certain Time, to get, as the Brokers say, wherewithal to marry them. He adds, that one Day he was present at such a Treaty, and that a Foreign Gentleman of his Acquaintance, having for some Time been cheapening a Girl, but still delaying to give a positive Answer, for he thought her of the leanest, and that her Chest was not compleatly formed; the Aunt told him, that he must instantly determine one Way or the other, the Preacher of one of the chief Convents in the City of *Venice*, and named it, having treated with her, and bid like a Man of Honour. He informs us also, that it is the common Opinion, at *Venice*, that only one Brother marries for all the rest; and that it is far from being merely a groundless Saying, but that it would be to no Purpose to bring Proofs of it.

He adds, that they who know *Rome*, as well as *Venice*, are at a Loss to decide, which of the two Cities abounds most in Whores and Debauchery. It were to be wished these Excesses were
con-

continued within the Bounds of *Italy* ; but the Depravity, from the Sanctuary, has overflowed the Court of the Temple. The Countries most remote from *Rome* (that City so eminent, in *St. Paul's* Time, for the Faith and Sanctity of the *Christians* there) do not fall short of it, in any Kind of Voluptuousness. The like scandalous Scenes are acted, in the most shameless Manner, in *France*, in *Germany*, in *Holland*, in a Word, every where. A Woman truly virtuous is no less now, than she was seventeen hundred Years past,

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima Cygno ! Juv.

No less a Rarity, than a black Swan !

It may, perhaps, be alledged, that they are only the *meanest* of Women, who thus make a Trade of Virtue, or rather are abandoned to Lewdness ; but I must also include even Ladies of the first Rank : It is apparent, that they often lead up the Dance, and give a Sanction to Immoralities ; for the Impunity, which is a Privilege most unjustly

justly annexed to their Quality, emboldens them to stick at no Wickedness whatever. Are the Morals of the World altered, for the better, since *Horace's* and *Juvenal's* Time? So far from it, that I will venture to say, the older the World grows, the more depraved and vehement are our Passions. What prodigious Excesses did not Women of Quality, at *Rome*, and every where else, run into, during the Reign of *AUGUSTUS*, and his Successors? Were not some Ladies, descended from a glorious Race of Consuls, so vilely degenerate, as to register themselves, at the *Ædile's* Office, to screen themselves from Justice? *VESTILIA* who was of a *Prætorian* Family, did so; according to an old Custom, says *TACITUS*, at *Rome*, where the Shame of a sincere Confession of their Guilt was thought Punishment enough for Prostitutes. *SUETONIUS* informs us, in the Life of *TIBERIUS*, that the *Roman* Ladies chose rather to forfeit the Honours and Prerogatives to which their Birth intitled them, and expose their Names in the public Register

of the *Ædiles*, than not glut themselves with an unbounded Gratification of all their depraved Appetites. JUVENAL sets forth some Ladies in his Time, challenging, to amorous Combats, the Nymphs of those infamous Places where they went to try their passive Vigour, and then boasting of the Victories, they gained there, above their Birth, how illustrious soever it was; and when in those obscure *Grottos*, where they sacrificed to VENUS, they threw themselves into frantic Transports, crying out *one* and *all*. — “* Now we are in a Place where we may give ourselves full Scope! Quick, some Men! Curse on our sluggish Stallions, they are asleep. Well! bring hither some Boys in Girls Dress. If there are none at
“ hand,

fam fas est, admitte viros, dormitat adulter, &c.

Now is the Time of Action; now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty Lovers in.
The Whoresons are asleep; then bring the Slaves,
And Watermen, a Race of strong-back'd Knaves.
The Sex is turn'd all Whore; they love the Game:
And Mistresses, and Maids, are both the same.

DRYDEN.

“ hand, Slaves are sent for, and if these
 “ also are not in the Way, they dispatch
 “ their Bawds, with Money in their
 “ Hands, to hire some Water-Carriers.
 “ How do I know but, rather than
 “ baulk their brutish Desires, they
 “ would lie down to the very Beasts?”

Once more, he must be a Stranger to the Manners of the Age, who entertains any better Idea of it. Were I inclined to copy after Nature ; or were there no Danger in declaring the Truth, I could here shew some Pictures, which every one would say, were the exact Likeness of several Ladies of our Time ; but the judicious Reader will make himself Amends by applying the above-cited Verses, of *Juvenal*, to whom they fit best ; it is a Copy whereof there have been numberless Originals, in all Times and Nations.

AFTER all, *Love* is no farther blameable than as it gives Rise to the Disorders we have recited. But when it is so well regulated, as to keep within the Bounds of Honour and Chastity, it is a Passion which may very lawfully be indulged. I

I am very sensible, that a Lover is continually in some Transport or other; but his predominant Passion, which in the *Island of Cytheræa*, is called the NOBLE PASSION, seldom obliges him to force the Bounds of Decency and Religion.

Is there any thing (says MOLIERE) more noble than an innocent Flame, kindled in the Mind, by a transcendent Merit? If Love were banished from among Mankind, where would be the Happiness of Life? No, no, it is pregnant with every Pleasure, and to live without loving is properly not to live at all.

Wealth, Fame and Grandeur, nay the so-much envied Splendor of Majesty; all is nothing without the blissful Raptures of Love; take away Love, and Adieu all Pleasures in Life.

BUT these Maxims are not to be taken in a literal Sense, as not being universally true; and, to deal plainly, they suit only those very few who have so much Government of themselves as to say: If to sigh and weep incessantly, be the first Tribute that is paid to the
God

God ot Love, before I become his Vo-
tary, I insist upon being exempted from
such grievous Duties. For, if one finds
the Mind too weak, to extinguish, at
Pleasure, those Sparks which might
break out into a Flame, the most in-
nocent Engagements ought to be shun-
ned. Jest often end in Earnest. But,
to be sincere, can the most rigid Mora-
lists find any Thing reprehensible in the
Affections of two youthful Hearts made
for each other, and passionately longing
to be united in the Ties of Marriage?
Can they blame the charming Miss
Tinley for her ardent Love of the ac-
complished Lord *Craven*. She loves
him, and is loved by him. Then she
is remarkable for her solid Virtue; as
carefully avoiding the Company of any
other Man, as she is eagerly desirous
of that of her happy Lover. For my
Part, I cannot help being pleased even
with those agreeable Extasies of Love,
when, with *Sapho*, she sings,

I. *The*

I.

*The Gods are not more blest than she,
Who fixing her glad Eyes on thee
With thy bright Rays her Senses bears;
And drinks, with ever-thirsty Ears,
The charming Music of thy Tongue;
Does ever hear, and ever long,
Who sees, with more than human Grace,
Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.*

II.

*But when with kinder Beams you shine,
And so appear much more Divine;
My feeble Sense and dazled Sight,
No more support the glorious Light,
And the fierce Torrent of Delight.
O! then I feel my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then flies away:
Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize,
And Darkñess swims before my Eyes.*

III.

*Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The liquid Drops in Silence flow:
Then wandering Fires run thro' my Blood;
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood;
All pale and breathless then I lie,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.*

BEHN.

E

YES,

Y E S, I will maintain that this Language, as warm and pathetick as it is, may be very innocently used by this amiable young Lady, to so discreet, so deserving a Lover. Religion and Honour, being the sole Principles of this happy, mutual Love, who can be offended at such a sweet Topic of Conversation ?

CH A P. VII.

{Of CONTINENCE and CHASTITY.

A R E there yet in the World any Remains of those Virtues which, in the pious Days of our Fore-fathers, were called *Continepce* and *Chastity* ? This is a *Question* which would infallibly be asked me, upon reading the foregoing Chapter ; did I not prevent it by asking first. And to which I answer, that these Virtues are not totally banished from among *Christians* ; for we have still the Pleasure of seeing *Women* of the purest *Chastity*, amidst all
the

the Lewdness which seems to over-run Mankind; nor do I in the least doubt but that, among the vast Numbers of *Recluse Females*, there are some *Vestals* endued with the *Gift of Continence*. By the Divine Efficacy of Grace, they may be enabled to fulfil the inconsiderate *Vow* wherewith they have burthened themselves, of *keeping their Vessel in Sanctification*. * If the *Prohibition* of the *seventh* Commandment will not avail, to make the Girls put themselves upon their Guard, in Defense of their *Chastity*, at least the Apprehension of *Infamy* works this good *Effect*. How many Originals of PASTOR FIDO are there among them, who from the inmost Recesses of their struggling Hearts, or even in the Act of Consummation, cry out,

How ravishing these Transports prove,
These pure Returns of Love for Love!

O! how I envy such Happiness! and
how wretched are we, whose harsh Laws
E 2 punish

* Vows of Virginity should well be weigh'd,
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
GARTH'S Epil. to Cato.

punish Love with Death. Ah! How little do they love, who fear to die? Would to Heaven, Myrtilla, that a cruel Death was the only Punishment of Sin. I would pride myself in hastening to it. Honour, thou only Standard of generous Minds, sovereign God of my Heart, behold how, to thy righteous Rigour, I sacrifice my ardent Love!

So that Womens *Chastity* does not arise from the Fear of Death, or even of God's Judgments. That *Swelling*, which is the natural Consequence of a criminal Commerce: Some Remains of Modesty, which check the most Amorous from running all Lengths: A noble Pride; and such Kind of Passions, contribute more to it, than any Thing else.

But to speak freely, I do not profess myself one of those austere Moralists, who peremptorily maintain, that not only obscene Actions and Words render a Man lewd, but even his very Thoughts. We are not Masters of our Desires; so that we are to be condemned only on account of the Pleasure we take in them; whereas we ought to repel all such involuntary

luntary Impulses of the Flesh. My Principles tell me, that one never really offends against *Chastity* and *Continence*, but in vehemently longing to act Things repugnant to those Virtues. For Instance, any *Woman* who finds herself heartily propense to commit *Adultery*, and who lives in Hopes of accomplishing her guilty Inclinations, may safely conclude, that, tho' her Body be untouched, God will impute that Crime to her, which she only wanted Opportunity to commit,

— *Servatis bené corpus, adultera mens est.**

“ Alas! How are we deceived, says
 “ *Monsieur* BAYLE, in imagining, that
 “ every commendable Action of our
 “ Lives is done for the Sake of the Love
 “ of *God*, unless we have experienced,
 “ that we can forego our darling Plea-
 “ sures upon the first Notice that *God*
 “ has forbidden them. A *Man*, who is
 “ addicted to *Women*, and pursues the
 “ Gratification of his Desire with all
 “ possible Excess, but who, otherwise,
 E 3 “ is

* *Ovid's* Am. B. 3. El. IV.

“ is so abstemious, that nothing is so
 “ hateful to him as to break-in upon his
 “ Regimen, nay, were he to drink his
 “ *Wine* without *Water*, would be vio-
 “ lently afflicted with the Head-Ach,
 “ and who, besides, is so arrant a Cow-
 “ ard, that a Sword or Pistol are what
 “ he knows nothing of; would it not
 “ be pleasant for this *sober Wencher* to
 “ make a Merit, before God, that he
 “ does not get *drunk*, or *rob* upon the
 “ *Highway*? Let him but renounce that
 “ *Lasciviousness* to which he is so prone,
 “ in regard God has so commanded, and
 “ then his other good Qualities will ap-
 “ pear in an amiable Light: Or else he
 “ must not take it ill if we look upon
 “ his Aversion to *Theft* and *Drunken-*
 “ *ness*, as *Virtues* quite abstracted from
 “ his *Belief*; and which he would stick
 “ to, were he even to renounce his *Chri-*
 “ *stianity*.” As much may be said of
 all *Women* who find in themselves an
 itching Desire to commit any flagrant
 Misdemeanour. They have some dar-
 ling Passion, which they fondly indulge,
 far from depressing it; and being dis-
 creet

creet enough in other Things, they are charmed with their own transcendent Wisdom, and flatter themselves, that they offer a mighty Sacrifice to God, in whose Sight the very *Angels* are not pure, by abstaining from some Vices which would disgrace them with the World, and irretrievably blast their Reputation. But, *Fair Ladies*, allow me ingenuously to declare my Thoughts upon this important Subject, and to say again, with *Monsieur BAYLE*.

Were you capable of offering any great Sacrifice to God, you would be very sensible that it ought to be your most darling Passion, and those Passions to which our Constitution is averse, or into which we should plunge ourselves headlong did not a Point of Honour restrain us, are, in Effect, no Sacrifices at all. Examine yourselves thoroughly, and be assured, that all Virtues which flow from worldly and carnal Appetites, how tempting soever they may appear to us, are yet, before the Almighty (as St. Austin says, to whom all Hearts are opened, and all Desires known) looked upon as glaring Iniquities.

C H A P. VIII.

Of MARRIAGE.

IN the Times of *Primitive Christi-*
anity, some Fathers of the Church
 were infatuated with a false Principle,
 borrowed from the *Pagans*, who used to
 cry-up the Excellence of C E L I B A C Y,
 giving that *State* the Preference to *Mar-*
riage. Some of these most pious Doc-
 tors have carried their Notions, on this
 Point, so far as even to vilify the sacred
 Rite of MARRIAGE, as an *unlawful and*
impure Custom.

JUSTIN MARTYR, in his *Treatise* on
 the *Resurrection*, declares, *there are some*
WOMEN who, tho' not naturally barren,
 have remained pure VIRGINS, and abstain-
 ed from all Carnal Commerce. Others have
 abstained only for a certain Time. There
 are some MEN who are seen to devote
 themselves to Continency, from the Begin-
 ning, and others only for a Time, so that
 they renounce the unlawful Custom of
 Marriage, by which the Appetites of the
 Flesh

Flesh are fulfilled. But it is certain, there is not one Word to be found in the *Holy Scriptures* to authorize so extravagant an Opinion. And, I dare say, that (abstracted from the Assistance of invincible Grace) *Marriage* is the only Preservative of *Chastity*. There is no other Remedy against the raging Flames of *Concupiscence*; for every-Body is not of the same Opinion with that Enthusiastic Saint. If I am not mistaken, it was the good FRANCIS of *Assisa*, Patron of the *Beggars*, who used to tumble himself in the *Snow*, to quell the wicked Impetuosities of the *Flesh*, and preserve the *Robe of Chastity* unsullied from lascivious Flames. * What a rare Instance of *Purity* is this, in a *Monk*?

MEN and WOMEN separately considered, we may say, are but *imperfect* Creatures, and as it were only a Half of one another. The Human Species is divided into *two* Sexes, and is not properly

E. 5

per-

* After this laudable Example, the pious Mr. *Richard Baxter*, an eminent *Non-Conformist* Preacher, tells us, that *A Bason of cold Water is an infallible Remedy to quench the burning Flames of Lust.* *Treatise of Concup.*

perfect, but in the Union of *both*. Nature has conferred on each Sex distinct Graces and Charms to allure the other, and by this reciprocal Communication of particular *Beauties*, consists the beautiful Order of *Nature*. Hence springs in us that almost-irresistable Propensity of sharing mutually the Endowments wherewith we are adorned. He who enjoys them, is not enamoured with them, because he is to aspire after others: But the Beholder is charmed with them, as they belong to him, and seem made on Purpose for him. This Sport of *Nature*, in *dividing* us only to *join* us the closer again, is, as Dr. *Tindal* says, *As Old as the Creation*: And *both* Sexes have ever been claiming, from one another, that other Part of themselves, and challenging a mutual Communication of their Perfections, by this glorious and delightful Mixture, to constitute only one single Human Body, whose Union will add to its *Strength*, as its *Strength* will to its *Duration*.

I do not in the least doubt but that these holy *Fathers* of the Church, notwithstanding

withstanding their *Invectives* against *Marriage*, have often felt, as well as the *Laiety*, those secret *Impulses* of *Nature*, which ought to have taught them better *Language*. But, among *Friends*, by all their *Expressions* which seem, and really are so harsh, perhaps, they only meant, with the *Poet*, that

*Qu'on, fait mieux son Affaire
Sans l'avis d'un Curé, ni le seing d'un Notaire.*

In *Love Affairs*, 'tis always best,
To drop the *Lawyer* and the *Priest*.*

Or, at least, that *fair and softly* is the best *Method* to pursue in an *Affair* of such *Importance*, and which is to last for *Life*. We ought to know the inmost *Heart* of a *Woman*, before we join ourselves to her by such *indissoluble Ties*; for when we have proceeded with all *imaginable Precaution*, we may repent

E 6

at

* And *Mr. Dryden*, in his incomparable *Satire* of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, raises this *Quere*, from the *Advantage* of *Polygamy*, as to *David* and *Absalom*, viz.

Whether inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Guss.

at Leisure of our mistaken Choice. If this be their *Meaning*, there is no false Logic in it. On the other Hand, it rather contains such wholesome Advice as every prudent Man would chuse to follow. Suitable to which, is CHAUCER'S Caution to *Batchelors*;

Horfes, my Friend, and Affes Men may try,
And ring suspected Vessels ere they buy;
But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake,
Then, not till then, the Veil's remov'd away,
And all the Woman glares in open Day.

POPE.

A French Poet says,

*He who would easy be for Life,
That Torment must avoid, a Wife.*

It would be wrong to take these Passages literally, as if they exempted us from ever *Marrying*. Were this their proper Sense, it would be Criminal in the highest Degree, as it would tend to the Ruin of all our Hopes, and the Discountenance of Mankind. But though *Marriage* need not be deliberated upon during one's whole Life, yet the Enter-
prize

prize ought to be well weighed before it is put in Execution. What numerous Pairs do we daily see, who, by precipitate Marriages, when the *Love-fit* was upon them, live exactly like M A T. P R I O R's *Bride and Bridegroom*.

*They struggled with the Marriage-Noose,
As almost ev'ry Couple does;
Sometimes my Dear, sometimes my Darling;
Kissing to-Day, to-Morrow Snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That Evil which admits no Cure.*

All Humours cannot chime into a Sympathy with each other, and many a poor Husband may say with *Monfieur Passerat*:

Celui qui n'a pas vu comment la Mer, &c.

*Who has not seen the Billows lash the Shoar,
Or heard from far, the rending Thunder roar:
Who has not seen a Lyon paw the Ground.
Or the fell Tygress a poor Huntsman wound;
May all these Noises hear most finely rung,
In tuneful Concert, by my Spouse's Tongue.
Nay, what's in Earth below, or Heav'n above,
Her Laram, if 'twere possible, would move.*

All Things being well considered, one cannot absolutely blame the Hero, whom
BOILEAU

BOILEAU introduces in his *Tenth Satire* against *Marriage*.

HE speaks nothing but Sentences, and every Sentence is true in some Respects, and founded on daily Experience; which shews us, that there are very few Exceptions against them.

*L' hymen avec la joye à tant d' antipatie,
Qu'on n'a que deux bons jours, l'entrée & la sortie :
Si l'on en trouve plus, c'est par un cas fortuit ;
L'on a cent mauvais jours pour une bonne nuit.*

In *Hymen's Joys* there such Antipathy,
That a poor *Marry'd Man* can only see
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
The *First* and *Last*, perhaps you'll say;
'Tis true, when blythe *she* goes to Bed,
And when she peaceably lies Dead.
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said;
Be they of *Holland*, or of *Lead*.

PRIOR.

YET these Truths are not so universal as to hold good with every Pair. There are many happy Marriages, and when they are so, it is, beyond Dispute, the noblest and most amiable State of Life on this Side of Eternity.

Qu'elle

*Quelle joye, en effet, quelle douceur extrême!
De se voir caressé d'une Epouse qu'on aime!
De s'entendre appeller petit cœur, ou mon bon;
De voir autour de soi croître, dans sa maison,
Sous les paisibles loix d'une agréable mere,
De petits Citoyens dont on croit être Père!
Quel charme! au moindre mal qui nous vient menacer,
De la voir aussitôt accourir, s'empresse,
S'effrayer d'un peril qui n'a point d'apparence,
Et souvent de douleur se pâmer par avance.*

O with what Joy, what wond'rous Joy you'll
prove
The kind Caresses of a Spouse you love?
In a fond Fit, how sweet 'twill be to hear,
The loving Creature cry, *My Life! my Dear!*
To see a little Fry about you grown,
And please yourself to think *they're all your own!*
How charming when you're indispos'd to see,
How over careful, how concern'd she'll be.*

But these heavenly Sweets in Marriage
are not to be tasted, unless the Husband
and Wife mutually concur to each o-
ther's Felicity. They must exactly fol-
low St. Paul's Precepts, who enjoins the
MAN to love his Wife, as JESUS CHRIST
loves his Church; and the WOMAN to be
subject to her Husband in every Thing.
They

* See Boileau's Works, translated by several Hands.
SAT. X.

They ought to retain an inviolable and sincere Affection for each other, and barr all the Avenues of their Hearts against that baneful Conflagration of the Soul, Jealousy. For what would it avail to act otherwise? Can the most rack-ing Sollicitudes, seconded by all the Cares and Watchings imaginable, secure us from the ignominious *State of Cuckoldom*? No; so far from it, that the more a Woman is constrained, the more it is to be apprehended, that she will compass her Design. For, as PRIOR excellently says;

*Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your Padlock on her Mind.*

As a Proof of this, there are infinitely more Feuds and Disorders in those Realms of Jealousy, *Spain and Italy*, where *Women are kept up so strictly*, than in the indulgent Kingdom of *France*, where the Ladies receive Visits, at all Hours, without Restraint. Such is the natural Perverseness and Caprice of our Inclinations, that we are hurried on, with

with a rapid Propensity, to whatever is forbidden to us, whereas Liberty turns the very Edge of our Desires. We are least apt to sin, when we are let loose: By endeavouring to check the Passions, we only irritate them; the best Way to tame their Unruliness, is to give them full Scope.

*Cui peccare licet peccat minus, ipsa Potestas
Semina Nequitæ languidiora facit.
Desine, crede mihi, Vitia irritare vetando:
Obsequio vinces apitus illa tuo.*

OVID. Amor. Lib. 3. Eleg. 4.

They who have Freedom use it least, and so
The Power of Ill does the Design o'erthrow.
Provoke not Vice by a too harsh Restraint;
Sick Men long most to drink because they may'nt.
SEDLEY.

LUCIUS accompanies his Wife to Church; goes out with her to take the Air; attends her Visits, and, in a Word, never lets her stir out alone. This poor jealous-pated Wretch employs every mean Artifice to prevent his being *corrupted* by MASCULUS. When Business calls him abroad, and he cannot, for Shame, take his precious Rib along with

with him, she is locked up. Yet this cautious Coxcomb is tricked. For he has no sooner turned his Back, but the Maid, active for her Mistress's Pleasures, posts away with the welcome Tidings to *MASCULUS*, who is led into the Fair Captive's Apartment, by a Door, very artfully contrived, under the Hangings behind the Bed. Imagine, if you can, how eagerly these two Lovers hasten to Consummation. This Incident should teach all suspicious Husbands, that the best Way, and the most becoming a Man of Sense, is intirely to rely on the Affection and Fidelity of his other Self. This is the surest Safeguard against any foul Play. I shall in this Place, borrow a Reflection from an Author, who would be in a woful Case, were he not better known to God, than he is to me.

“ MARRIAGE, says he, is not only
 “ a Country of Ridicule, but the Land
 “ of Trials and Patience. Whatsoever
 “ Way we quit it, still it is thro' Vio-
 “ lence. Love is the Gentleman-Usher,
 “ and very frequently drops us at the
 “ Entrance. In the Absence of *Love*,
 “ we

“ we are handed in by *Interest*. As we
 “ advance farther, *Hatred* or *Indifference*
 “ are the usual Guides. The Aim of
 “ those who travel to this Country, is
 “ often very uncommon and whimsical :
 “ Every one has a restless Itching to see
 “ this *Canaan*, which fills their Head
 “ with such bright Ideas of inconceiva-
 “ ble Pleasures ; but when once in, how
 “ few are there who do not heartily re-
 “ pent of their Journey !

MARRIAGE, is a mere Revel-Rout,
Those, who are out, wou'd fain get in,
Those, who are in, wou'd fain get out.

“ What a Fund is here for Ridicule !
 “ THE best Reason one can give for
 “ that *Discord* which usually treads upon
 “ the Heels of Matrimony, is, that the
 “ *Husband* and *Wife* are no longer influ-
 “ enced by the same Spirit of Prudence,
 “ Harmony, and Honour. Before *Mar-*
 “ *riage*, Love or Interest filled their u-
 “ nited Minds ; but the Ceremony once
 “ over, the God *Hymen's* mischievous
 “ Spirit begins to operate on the conju-
 “ gal Couple. “ THO'

“ THO’ it be very difficult to delineate the Nature of this Spirit, I shall endeavour to satisfy you so far, as to open a slender Idea of it to you.

“ THE God *Hymen* is imperious ; delighting in Reproaches, yet impatient of any himself. He is penetrating and subtil ; sees and teaches too many Things. The *Spirit of Love*, on the contrary, never knows enough. Before *Marriage* they agreed, because they both aimed at the same Mark ; for the *Power of Love* goes no farther, than to unite for a limited Time, and in one Way only : *Hymen*, on the other Hand, has a thousand Ways to break off for ever. Besides, in *Marriage*, they are apt to grow tired of each other’s Company. Then succeed Bickerings, Caprices, and Complaints. But I have done, and rather than say *too much*, would say *too little*.

I SHALL close this *Chapter* with an Instance of the greatest *Force of Imagination* I ever met with in an Amour. A young *Oxonian*, having cohabited for some Time with a *Girl of the Town*, at length

length sends her a *Letter*; that, upon going into *Holy Orders*, he resolved on a *new Course of Life*, admonished her, in a very pathetic Manner, to *do the same*; and concluded *his Epistle*, with the following *Metamorphosis* of his *Temporal* into a *Spiritual Rapture*.

*For,—as I once thy yielding Heart could move,
With the persuasive Eloquence of Love,
So let me now to nobler Views inspire
Thy Soul, and warm it with Diviner Fire;
Let me to Heav'n direct thy willing Mind,
For Souls like thine were not for Earth design'd.*

*Thus shall I hope (when all my Troubles cease,
And each rebellious Pulse shall be at Peace,
When this dull Flame of Life expiring dies,
And my freed Soul exulting mounts the Skies)
To meet Thee blooming in the Realms above
The brightest Pattern of eternal Love.*

M S.

“ It is so true, that a daily Converſe
“ becomes tedious, troublesome, and
“ diſtaſteful; that many a Married Pair
“ have found out the Secret of Loving
“ each other at a Diſtance.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of WIT and LEARNING.

WOMEN complain, that MEN would fain have them be *Witty*, and yet they cramp that *Genius* which should make them so. “It no sooner begins to take Wing, say they, but it is instantly recalled by *Decency*, forsooth, as they term it. *Love of Fame*, which is the very *Soul* which animates all *Productions* of *Wit*, is what they must not pretend to. This is an *Ambition* they must not so much as hope for. The *Female Capacity* is depressed, and as *PLATO* expresses it, *they clip its Wings*. And, it is to be wondered at, that *they have the least Grain left*.” But I doubt all these Complaints are groundless. If their *Genius* for *Wit* be cramped, they should impute it to the slender Education which was given them: And as that Care is foreign to Men, they are in the Wrong to tax us with *clipping their Wings*. “By what Laws, Edicts,

“ or

“ or Decrees, says Monsieur LA BRUYERE, are they prohibited from opening their Eyes, from reading, from retaining what they read, or from giving an Account of it, either in their Conversation, or in their Writings? On the contrary, did not they themselves establish this Custom of an utter Ignorance, either thro’ the Weakness of their Constitution, the Indolence of their Minds, the Preservation of their Beauty, or a certain Levity which will not permit them to pursue laborious Studies; or the Talent and Genius they have for Needle Work; or the multiplicity of Family Affairs; or a natural Aversion for abstruse and serious Matters, or a Curiosity of a quite different Bent from that which enriches the Mind, or for any other Taste rather than what becomes burdensome to their Memory.”

THE Productions of a *Grecian* SAPHO, a *Roman* CORINNA, a *French* DACIER, and a *British* ORINDA will always be admired. These Ladies are justly esteemed for their fine Taste, their delicate Turns

of Wit, their Elegancy of Stile, and the poignant and perspicuous Manner of expressing their Thoughts. But, says a grave *Woman-Hater* (*Misanthrope*) "What is there in all this? Nothing, but the Effect of a warm Imagination. A glaring Brillancy without any solid Sentiments. The Performances of such Heroines may amuse superficial Readers, or such *Genii* as have only a Smattering of Literature. A learned Lady is like a fine *Gun*, nicely chased, admirably well polished, and of most excellent Workmanship, an Ornament to a Cabinet of Arms, but of no Manner of Use, either in War, or Hunting, any more than the managed Horse in a Riding-House, before he has been in the Field." Why is *Knowledge* in *Women* branded with a *Kind* of *Shame*? Because they can only be learned by *Halves*. So to avoid being *ridiculed*, it is better they should be wholly *ignorant*. Of the *two*, they were right in preferring that *Shame* which is most advantageous to them, and in giving themselves up to *Pleasure*; yet do I heartily detest the

the
ex-
s a
pe)
ing,
ion.
olid
uch
ad-
nat-
La-
fed,
nost
nent
an-
nt-
orfe
een
e in
me?
by
d, it
ant.
fer-
ge-
ves
teft
the

ti
ti
ti
b
“
“

th
m
ti
th
th
th
in
th
pe
va
le
th
hu
int
Pi

aff
the
spe
her

this Choice ; and which are daily getting Head. Far be it from me to urge, that *Women* are void of *Wit* ; having before observed * “ that nothing is more “ engaging in them than their *sprightly* “ *Imagination* : ” But I cannot agree, that their *Wit* is tempered with Judgment sufficient to attain to the Perfection of abstruse Sciences: To dive into the Mysteries of Nature, to subtilize on the four Elements, to open a Way thro’ the dark Wilds of past Ages, are Matters infinitely above their Capacity. Let them then no longer repine at our Superiority of Genius, wherein the Advantage is demonstrably on our Side; let them learn to make the best Use of their own dim Light, and walk more humbly before God, without running into Enthusiastic Mazes of mistaken Piety.

CLORINDA, in her Conversation now affects hard Words, and makes Use of the techinal Terms of the *Art* she is speaking of. A bold Expression shocks her Ears. She eagerly pursues every
F new

* See Chap. I. Page 3.

new Book that comes out, and peremptorily pronounces its intrinsic Worth. She is skilled both in the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; and for the *French*, is it not prodigious! She can *correct* the ACADEMY'S DICTIONARY! and has made *considerable Alterations* in her own Copy. In a Word, she is a Lady of consummate Learning, who judges of every Thing, and of every Thing rightly. This is the Character ZOLLIPPUS draws of CLORINDA, to all who have the Patience to bear with him. But I find none of these Perfections. I know CLORINDA, and have quite a different Notion both of her *Wit* and her *Learning*. Whatever fine Stories this Trumpeter of her Endowments may publish, in my Opinion her Stock of Judgment is very moderate. She swarms with Errors, but still more with Puerilities; and as for Depth and Solidity, there is nothing like it in her. She repeats Passages out of Authors, she has read, and herein lies all her prodigious Erudition. Her Brain is a confused Common-Place of the finest Turns in the *Greek, Latin, Italian, French,* and

and *English* Poets. She is always poring over *Folios*, getting her Task by Heart, which she will afterwards repeat with astonishing Fluency : But what is all this to the Purpose ? Hear JUVENAL.*

*Of all our Plagues, the greatest is untold ;
The Book-learn'd Wife in Greek and Latin bold :
The Critic-Dame who at her Table sits,
HOMER and VIRGIL quotes and weighs their
Wits ;*

*And pities DIDO's agonizing Fits.
She has so far th' Ascendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word :
The Man of Law is non-plus'd in his Suit ;
Nay, every other Female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd swear,
And Vulcan, with his whole Militia's, there.
Tabors and Trumpets cease ; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.†
Eve'n Wit's a Burden when it talks too long ;
But she who has no Continnence of Tongue,
Shou'd walk in Breeches, and shou'd wear a Beard ;
And mix among the Philosophic Herd.
O what a midnight Curse has he, whose Side
Is pester'd with a Mood-and-Figure Bride !
Let mine, ye Gods ! (if such must be my Fate)
No Logic learn, nor History translate ;
But rather be a quiet, humble Fool :
I hate a Wife to whom I go to School ;*

F 2

Who

* See his 6th Satire, translated by Mr. Dryden.

† The Ancients were of Opinion, such Sounds would bring the Moon out of an Eclipse.

*Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly knows
Where Noun and Verb, and Participle grows ;
Corrects her Country Neighbour ; and in Bed,
For breaking Priscian's,* breaks her Husband's Head.*

Now to resume our Theme, this famous *She-Pedant*, CLORINDA, had not Depth enough to examine into the Truth or Error of any System. An Author who declaims with a magisterial Air, and imposes his *ipse dixit* in Points which he knows very little of, is, to be sure, *always in the Right*, provided his *Stile be but fashionable* ; for otherwise, *nothing will go down with her*. As an Instance of this ; in a Visit I paid her a few Days since, she highly cried up to me, *The Philosophical ESSAY concerning the SOUL of BEASTS.*† She admired the Penetration with which it was composed, and every *Proposition*, tho' without any Proofs to back it, seemed to her a *Demonstration*, *How much is the World obliged*

* An eminent Grammarian. Speaking false Latin is called, *breaking Priscian's Head*.

† Our Author tells us, this Work was printed at Amsterdam, 1728. I take it not to be a *New Piece* ; but only a French Version of Dr. WILLIS's Treatise, *De Anima Brutorum*.

obliged to this Author! says she, in a very lively Accent; *how vastly are we beholden to him for attacking, with such irrefragable Strength, the Systems of DESCARTES and BAYLE, concerning the SOUL of BEASTS!* “The former, by maintaining, that those *Animals* commonly called *Irrational*, are mere *Machines*, seems to give a Handle to call in Question the *Existence* of the *Human Soul*; and the latter, by arguing that “the *Soul of Beasts* is like *Ours*,” strikes (as he very rightly observes) in the most dangerous Manner, both at *Religion and Morality*. CLORINDA was growing warm, and would have given us an Insinuation of this silly *Tittle Tattle*; but I took the Liberty to stop her Career a little abruptly, to let her see, that the Philosopher for whom she stood up so warmly, and whom she quoted with so much Deference, ought to have stood more upon his own Guard, in relation to *Religion and Morality*. For, I told her, that besides his not having proved any Thing against the two Great Men he had attacked, he leads his Reader into

the high Road to Profaneness; and from what he says, *we might doubt of the Immortality of our Souls.*

“ BUT, continued I (in a softer Tone,
“ and which bespoke Irony) I dare venture a Wager, that I guess upon
“ what Account you defend his *System*
“ with so much Warmth.” “ Explain
“ yourself,” said she. “ With all my
“ Heart, Madam, I replied, and to satisfy you, I will tell you what is come
“ into my Head. Upon what can the
“ Author of the *Philosophical Essay*
“ ground his Position, that *the Soul of*
“ *Beasts is Mortal, as well as Spiritual?*
“ It must be on the *specific Differences*
“ of the Spirits, which are only the
“ Products of his wild Fancy; now he
“ makes these *Differences* to consist in
“ nothing but the *greater or smaller Extent*
“ of *Ideas*. So that this *System*,
“ Madam, is advantageous to you, as
“ it secures to you *Immortality*, to
“ which, for Instance, a *Clown* must
“ not pretend, for his *Ideas* being very
“ *narrow*, he is ranked but among
“ the *Beasts*: Whereas a Person of your
“ Wit

“ Wit and Learning is distinguished
 “ from all other Creatures, by the
 “ noblest and most beneficial Preroga-
 “ tive that can be desired.”

OUR Conversation on this Head, was carried thro’ with a much Warmth. CLORINDA grew so obstinate, and I talked with so little Respect of her *Philosopher*, that at length we parted in a very ill Humour with each other; and I went out of her crowded Library fully convinced, that *Learning in Women* is nothing but an extravagant *Self-Conceit*, upheld by a *lively Imagination*, which dazzles *shallow Wits*, who look no farther than the bare *Surface of Things*. On this Occasion, Experience convinced me, as Monsieur *de la Bruyere* observes, “ That there are some
 “ *People* who get by being *singular*.
 “ They scud along with a full Sail in
 “ a Sea where others run a-ground and
 “ are Ship-wrecked. They attain their
 “ *Ends* in running-counter to the Rules
 “ for obtaining *them*; and reap from
 “ their Folly and Irregularity all the
 “ glorious Fruits of the most consum-
 “ mate Wisdom.” F 4 CRI-

CRITICS, or those who fancy themselves such, from different Parties, and judge absolutely; every one of which, without the least Regard to the Public, or real Merit, *cry up such a Poem, or such a Piece of Music, and damn all the rest.*

THAT our *British* FAIR-ONES may not be displeased, I shall, in Defense of their *Wit*, take the Liberty to close this Chapter with an excellent *Poem*, written by a well-known Lady*, who has already enriched our Language with several elegant *Pieces*. To say, that she is an Ornament to her Sex, and an Honour to the *British* Nation, is no more than barely doing Justice to her Merit. It is presumed, that this *Poem* will not be thought inferior to any which have hitherto appeared, on the same Subject, by the most eminent Hands, with respect to the Justness and Propriety of the Characters, or the Spirit and Delicacy with which it is written.

The

* This fine *Piece*, I have been assured, is the Production of Lady *Mary Wortley Mountague*.

The PROGRESS of POETRY.

U Nequal, how shall I the Search begin,
Or paint, with artless Hand, the awful Scene?
Thro' Paths Divine, with Steps advent'rous tread,
And trace the Muses to their Fountain Head?

Ye sacred *Nine*, your mighty Aid impart;
Assist my Numbers, and inlarge my Heart!
Direct my Lyre, and tune each trembling String,
While *Poetry's* exalted Charms I sing:
How, free as Air, her Strains spontaneous move,
Kindle to Rage, or melt the Soul to Love:
How first her Emanations dawn'd, disclose;
And where, great Source of Verse! bright *Phœbus*
first arose.

Where *Nature* Warmth and Genius has deny'd,
In vain are *Art's* stiff languid Pow'rs apply'd.
Unforc'd the Muses smile, above Controul:
No Art can tune the inharmonious Soul.
Some Rules, 'tis true, unerring, you may cull,
And, void of Life, be regularly dull:
Correctly flat may flow each study'd Rhime,
And each low Period indolently chime.
A common Ear, perhaps, or vulgar Heart,
Such Lays may please, the labour'd Work of Art:
Far other Strains delight the polish'd Mind,
The Ear well-judging, and the Taste refin'd.
To blend in Heav'nly Numbers, Ease and Fire,
An *Addison* will ask, a *Pope* require:

Genius alone can Force, like theirs, bestow,
As Stars, unconscious of their Brightness, glow.

Hail *Greece*! from whence the Spark Æthereal
came,

Which wide o'er Earth diffus'd its sacred Flame:
There the first Laurel form'd a deathless Shade,
And sprung Immortal for thy *Homer's* Head:
There, the great Bard the rising Wonder wrought,
And plann'd the *Iliad* in his boundless Thought;
By no mean Steps to full Perfection grew,
But burst at once refulgent on the View.
Who can, unmov'd, the warm Description read,
Where the wing'd Shaft repels the bounding Steed?
Where the torn Spoils of the rapacious War,
With shocking Pomp adorns the Victor's Car!
When, from some hostile Arm dismiss'd, the Reed
On the mark'd Foe directs its thirsty Speed,
Such Strength, such Action, strikes our eager Sight,
We view, and shudder at its fatal Flight;
We hear the straiten'd Yew recoiling start,
And see, thro' Air, glide swift the whizzing Dart.
When higher Themes a bolder Strain demand,
Life waits the Poet's animating Hand:
There, where majestic to the sanguin'd Field
Stern *Ajax* stalks behind his Sev'nfold Shield;
Or where, in polish'd Arms, severely bright,
Pelides dreadful rushes to the Fight;
With martial Ardor breathes each kindling Page
The direful Havock, and unbounded Rage,

The

The Clash of Arms tumultuous from afar,
And all that fires the Hero's Soul to War!

Bold *Pindar* next, with matchless Force and Fire,
Divinely careless, wak'd the sounding Lyre:
Unbound by Rule, he urg'd each vig'rous Lay,
And gave his mighty Genius Room to play:
The *Grecian* Games employ his daring Strings,
In Numbers rapid as the Race he sings.

Mark *Muse*, the conscious Shade and vocal Grove,
Where *Sappho* tun'd her melting Voice to Love,
While *Escho* each harmonious Strain return'd,
And with the soft complaining *Lesbian* mourn'd.

With Roses crown'd, on Flow'rs supinely laid,
Anacreon next the sprightly Lyre essay'd,
In light fantastic Measures beat the Ground,
Or deal'd the Mirth-inspiring Juice around.
No Care, no Thought, the tuneful Trifler knew,
But mark'd with Bliss each Moment as it flew.

Behold the Soil, where smooth *Clitumnus* glides,
And rolls, thro' smiling Fields, his ductile Tides;
Where swoln *Eridanus* in State proceeds,
And tardy *Mincio* wanders thro' the Meads;
Where breathing Flow'rs Ambrosial Sweets distil,
And the soft Air with balmy Fragrance fill.
O *Italy*! tho' joyful Plenty reigns,
And Nature laughs amid thy bloomy Plains;
Tho' all thy Shades Poetic Warmth inspire,
Tune the rap'd Soul, and fan the sacred Fire;

Those Plains and Shades shall reach th' appointed
Date,

And all their fading Honours yield to Fate:
Thy wide Renown, and ever-blooming Fame,
Stand on the Basis of a nobler Claim;
In thee his Harp immortal *Virgil* strung,
Of *Shepherds*, *Flocks*, and mighty *Heroes* sung.

See *Horace*, shaded by the *Lyric* Wreath,
Where ev'ry Grace and all the Muses breathe;
Where courtly Ease adorns each happy Line,
And *Pindar's* Fire, and *Sapho's* Softness join.
Politely wise, with calm, well-govern'd Rage,
He lash'd the reigning Follies of the Age;
With Wit, not Spleen, indulgently severe,
To reach the Heart he charm'd the list'ning Ear.
When soothing Themes each milder Note employ,
Each milder Note swells soft to Love and Joy;
Smooth as the Fame-presaging **Doves* which spread
Prophetic Wreaths around his Infant Head.

Ye num'rous Bards unsung (whose various Lays
A Genius equal to your own shou'd praise)
Forgive the Muse, who feels an inbred Flame
Resistless, to exalt her Country's Fame;
A Foreign Clime she leaves—and turns her Eyes,
Where her own *Britain's* fav'rite Tow'rs arise;
Where *Thames* rolls deep his plenteous Tides around,
His Banks with thick-ascending Turrets crown'd.
Yet not these Scenes th' impartial Muse cou'd boast,
Were *Liberty*, thy great Distinction, lost.

Britannia

* See Book 3. Ode 4.

Britannia hail ! o'er whose luxuriant Plain,
For the free Native, waves the rip'ning Grain:
'Twas sacred *Liberty's* Celestial Smile
First lur'd the Muses to thy gen'rous Isle ;
'Twas *Liberty* bestow'd the Pow'r to sing,
And bid the Verse-rewarding Laurel spring.

Here, *Chaucer* first his comic Vein display'd,
And merry Tales, in homely Guise, convey'd ;
Unpolish'd Beauties grac'd the artless Song,
Tho' rude the Diction, yet the Sense was strong.

To smoother Strains, chastising tuneless Prose,
In plain Magnificence great *Spenser* rose :
In Forms distinct, in each *creating* Line,
The Virtues, Vices, and the Passions shine :
Subservient Nature aids the Poet's Rage,
And with herself inspires each nervous Page.

Exalted *Shakespear*, with a boundless Mind,
Rang'd far and wide ; a Genius unconfin'd !
The Passions sway'd, and Captive led the Heart,
Without the *Critic's* Rules, or Aid of *Art* :
So some fair Clime, by smiling *Phæbus* bless'd,
And in a thousand Charms by Nature dress'd,
Where limpid Streams in wild *Meanders* flow,
And on the Mountains tow'ring Forests grow,
With lovely Landscapes lures the ravish'd Sight,
While each new Scene supplies a new Delight :
No Industry of Man, no needless Toil,
Can mend the rich uncultivated Soil.

While *Cowley's* Lays with sprightly Vigour move,
Around him wait the Gods of Verse and Love ;
So

So quick the crouding Images arise,
 The bright Variety distracts our Eyes;
 Each sparkling Line, where Fire with Fancy flows,
 The rich Profusion of his Genius shows.

To *Waller* next, my wand'ring View I bend,
 Gentle, as Flakes of feather'd Snow, descend:
 Not the same Snow, its silent Journey done,
 More radiant glitters in the Rising Sun.
 O happy Nymph! who cou'd those Lays demand,
 And claim the Care of this immortal Hand:
 In vain might Age thy heav'nly Form invade,
 And o'er thy Beauties cast an envious Shade:
Waller, the Place of Youth and Bloom supplies,
 And gives exhaustless Lustre to thy Eyes;
 Each Muse assisting, rifles every Grace,
 To paint the Wonders of thy matchless Face.
 Thus when at *Greece*, Divine *Apelles* strove
 To give to Earth the radiant Queen of Love,
 From each bright Nymph some dazzling Charm he
 took,

This Fair-One's Lips, another's lovely Look;
 Each Beauty pleas'd, a Smile, or Air bestows,
 Till all the Goddesses from the Canvases rose.

Immortal *Milton*, Hail! whose lofty Strain,
 With conscious Strength, does vulgar Themes disdain;

Whence ascended thy superior Soul,
 Where neither Lightnings flash, nor Thunders roll;
 Where other Suns drink deep th' eternal Ray,
 And thence to other Worlds transmit the Day;

Where

Knowing WOMEN. 111

Where high in *Æther* countless Planets move,
 And various Moons, attendant, round them rove.
 O bear me to those soft delightful Scenes,
 Where Shades far-spreading boast immortal Greens,
 Where Paradise unfolds her fragrant Flow'rs,
 Her Sweets unfading, and Celestial Bow'rs;
 Where *Zephyr* breathes amid the blooming Wild,
 Gentle as Nature's Infant Beauty smil'd;
 Where gaily reigns one ever-laughing Spring;
Eden's Delights! which Thou alone could'st sing.
 Yet not these Scenes cou'd bound his daring Flight:
 Born to the Task, he rose a nobler Height.
 While o'er the Lyre his hallow'd Fingers fly,
 Each wond'rous Touch *awakens Raptures high*.
 Those *glorious Seats* he boldly durst explore,
 Where Faith alone, till then, had Pow'r to soar.

Smooth glide thy Waves, O *Thames*, while I
 rehearse

The Name* which taught Thee first to flow in
 Verse;

Let sacred Silence hush thy grateful Tides,
 The O'er cease to tremble on thy Sides;
 Let thy calm Waters gently steal along,
Denham this Homage claims, while he inspires my
 Song.

Far as thy Billows roll, dispers'd away
 To distant Climes, the honour'd Name convey:
 Not *Xanthus* can a nobler Glory boast,
 In whose rich Stream a thousand Floods are lost.

The

* Sir *John Denham's* Cooper's-Hill.

The strong, the soft, the moving, and the sweet,
 In artful *Dryden's* various Numbers meet;
 Aw'd by his Lays, each rival Bard retir'd:
 So fades the Moon-pale, lifeless, unadmir'd,
 When the bright Sun bursts glorious on the Sight,
 With radiant Lustre, and a Flood of Light.

The comic *Muse*, with lovely Humour gay,
 In *Congreve's* Strains does all her Charms display.
 She rallies each absurd Impertinence,
 And without Labour laughs us into Sense.
 The Follies of Mankind she sets to View
 In *Scenes* still pleasing, and for ever New.

Sure Heav'n, that destin'd *William* to be Great,
 The mighty Bulwark of the *British* State,
 The Scourge of Tyrants, Guardian of the Law,
 Bestow'd a *Garth*, designing a *Nassau*.

Wit, Ease, and Life, in *Prior* blended flow,
 Polite as *Granville*, soft as moving *Rowe*:
Granville, whose Lays unnumber'd Charms adorn,
 Serene and sprightly as the op'ning Morn:
Rowe, who the Spring of ev'ry Passion knew,
 And from our Eyes call'd forth the kindly Dew:
 Still shall his gentle *Muse* our Souls command,
 And our warm'd Hearts confess his skilful Hand.
 Be this the least of his superior Fame,
 Whose happy Genius caught great *Lucan's* Flame,
 Where Noble *Pompey* dauntless meets his Doom,
 And each free Strain breathes *Liberty* and *Rome*.
 O *Addison*. lamented, wond'rous Bard!
 The God-like Hero's great, his best Reward:

Not

Not all the Laurels reap'd on *Blenheim's* Plains
A Fame can give like thy immortal * Strains.
While *Cato* dictates in thy awful Lines,
Cæsar himself with second Lustre shines:
As our rais'd Souls the great Distress pursue,
Triumphs and Crowns still lessen in our View:
We trace the Victor with disdainful Eyes,
And all, that made a *Cato* bleed, despise.

The bold *Pindaric* and soft *Lyric* Muse,
Breath'd all her Energy in tuneful *Hughes*.
Musick herself did on his Lines bestow
The polish'd Lustre, and enchanting Flow.
His sweet *Cantatas* and melodious Song,
Shall ever warble on the skilful Tongue.
When nobler Themes a loftier Strain require,
His Bosom glow'd with more than mortal Fire.
Not † *Orpheus*' Self cou'd in sublimer Lays
Have sung th' Omnipotent *Creator's* Praise.
Damascus' moving Fate, display'd to View,
From ev'ry Eye the ready Tribute drew:
Th' attentive Ear, the bright * *Eudocia* charms,
And with the gen'rous Love of Virtue warms;
She seems above the Ills, she greatly bears,
While * *Phocylas*' Woes command our gushing Tears.
* *Abudab* shines a Pattern to Mankind;
In him the *Hero* and the *Man* are join'd.

High

* The Campaign. † Mr. *Hughes's* Ode, intitled,
An Ode to the Creator of the World: Occasioned by the
Fragments of Orpheus. *** *Characters* in his *Tra-*
gedy, intitled, The Siege of Damascus.

High on the radiant Liff, See! *Pope* appears,
 With all the Fire of Youth, and Strength of Years:
 Where-e'er supreme he points the nervous Line,
 Nature and Art in bright Conjunction shine.
 How just the Turns! how regular the Draught!
 How smooth the Language! how refin'd the
 Thought!

Secure beneath the Shade of early Bays,
 He dar'd the Thunder of great *Homer's* Lays;
 A sacred Heat inform'd his heaving Breast,
 And *Homer* in his Genius stands confess'd:
 To Heights sublime he rais'd the pond'rous Lyre,
 And our cold Isle grew warm with *Grecian* Fire!

Fain would I now th' excelling Bard reveal,
 And point the Seat where all the Muses dwell,
 Where *Phæbus* has his warmest Smiles bestow'd,
 And who most labours with th' inspiring God:
 But while I strive to fix the Ray Divine,
 And round that Head the laurel'd Triumph twine,
 Unnumber'd Bards distract my dazzled Sight,
 And my first Choice grows faint with Rival Light.
 So the white Road that streaks the cloudless Skies,
 When Silver *Cynthia's* temp'rate Beams arise,
 Thick set with Stars, o'er our admiring Heads
 One undistinguish'd streamy Twilight spreads;
 Pleas'd, we behold, from Heav'ns unbounded Height,
 A thousand Orbs pour forth promiscuous Light:
 While all around, the spangled Lustre flows,
 In vain we strive to mark which brightest glows;
 From each, the same enliv'ning Splendors fly,
 And the diffusive Glory charms the Eye. *The*

*The English SAPHO: Or, VERSES to the
Author of a Noble POEM, intitl'd,*

The PROGRESS of POETRY.

Long has the *Praise of Women* been my Theme;
What moves our Love, should merit our
Esteem:

But now, behold! fresh Scenes of Wonder rise,
Engage each Heart, and pleasingly surprize.

Fir'd by the Strokes of thy inspiring Art,
How shall the Muse such various Charms impart?
Lend me thy flowing Thought, and Genius free;
For sure no Muse, but thine, can copy *Thee*:
A *Female* Softness all thy Lines dispense,
Yet each with Strength abounds and *Manly* Sense:
What melting Warmth adorns thy rising Song!
How deeply clear! and how serenely strong!

Thy *Characters* so just! 'tis hard to say
Who was the skilful Painter, You, or They:
Such Judgment in thy noble Choice appears
As Fame shall echo' thro' revolving Years:
If *Hughes* and *Pope* had labour'd both to show,
How much to *British* Bards the World does owe,
They cou'd not have display'd their boundless Praise,
In Strains more strong than thy immortal Lays.
Trac'd in thy Verse with Charms for ever new,
While we the Muse's *shining Path* pursue,
Her brightest Genius we behold in you.

But

But why, O! why, didst thou conceal the
Name,

From whence this Object of our Wonder came?

Was it to still the noisy Voice of Fame?

If so; in vain, bright Nymph, in vain you try

To hide such Glory from the piercing Eye:

The mimic Shades thy dazzling Worth betray,

Which bursts upon us in a Flood of Day.

So when the *Sun* lies hid behind a *Cloud*,

How sad, how heavy looks the gazing Croud!

Yet soon his Beams, with nobler Vigor hurl'd,

Break thro' the Gloom, and cheer the drooping
World.

Such signal Worth, how modest to disown,

Yet by that Modesty it brighter show'n.

No longer then the Writer's Name conceal,

For his own Rays the God of Wit reveal.

With what pathetic Grief we heard thee mourn

At *Hughes's* humble, tho' distinguish'd Urn!

Touch'd by thy Hand, the ready Tears still flow,

And my soft Soul melts at another's Woe.

Affecting Objects gen'rous Tempers move;

As absent Lovers weep at Tales of Love.

Hail Glory of your Sex! Let others tell

How you the brightest of that Sex excel:

Unequal, see, the trembling Muse retires,

And leaves that Task to more exalted Lyres.

Enough for me, that Beauty's winning Smile

Attracts the Muses to our gen'rous Isle.

By

By them adorn'd, *Britannia's* boasted Fair
At once delight the Eye, and charm the Ear:
Whene'er they sing, what pleasing Raptures move
The rudest Breast to Harmony and Love!
When their soft Touches strike the warbling Lyre,
What Passions languish, and what Sounds inspire!
Warm'd by their Music, we confess their Pow'r;
More conscious of their Worth, we love the more;
And the dear Charmers, next to Heav'n adore.

Wit's sprightly Wreaths their blooming Temples
grace;

The brightest Mind suits best the fairest Face.
A Native Sweetness in their Thoughts we see,
Gay as the Spring, and elegantly free:

Their Sentiments (how just! yet how refin'd!)
By Art and Nature captivate the Mind!

With what Politeness all their Writings shine!

What gen'rous Spirit glows in ev'ry Line!

And easy Vigor and a Warmth Divine!

What tender Turns their soft'ning Souls impart,
And move the Passions but to mend the Heart!

While *English Sapphoes*, in such lofty Strains,
Awake the Lyre, and charm the list'ning Swains;
Let all the Sons of *Phæbus* join their Praise,
And to the *Female* Bard resign the Bays.

Henceforth, ye *Woman-baters* cease to rail;
O'er stand'rous Tongues let *Wortley's* Worth
prevail.

'Tis now by all confess'd, that *Woman's* Mind
For high Attempts indulgent Heav'n design'd.

How

By

How boldly *Boadicea* rous'd the Plain!
 What just Applause did wise *Eliza* gain!
 What Triumph's grac'd *Anna's* distinguish'd
 Reign!

Ev'n now* while *George* retires to Foreign Shores,
 And *Caroline* her absent Lord deplores,
Three Nations bless her mild auspicious Sway;
 With Smiles she *Rules*, with Pleasure we *Obeys*.

Vain Beauty, boast no more thy fading Charms;
 A nobler Flame the Lover's Bosom warms:
 Thy vanquish'd Smile a fainter Lustre shows,
 While *Female* Wit in softest Number flows,
 And with immortal Charms divinely glows:
 Our Love, no longer to the Face confin'd,
 Does now obey the Beauties of the Mind.
 So shines the *Moon* amid the Shades of *Night*,
 While wand'ring Travellers admire her *Light*.
 But when the *Sun's* unrival'd Glories rise,
 And scatter Day along th' awaken'd Skies,
Her fading Beams, with conscious Shame, decay,
 Sicken at *his* Approach, and die away.

* August, 1729.

Trinity-Hall,
 Cambridge.

J. BUNCE.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of SECRESY.

COULD we bring ourselves to such a Mastery over our indiscreet Passions, as to *keep a Secret*, most of the Perplexities of civil Society would die of Course. But, alas ! we are made up of *Frailty*. We unbosom our selves to People whose only Aim is to pump out of us, *Confessions of our own Affairs* ; or, *Reflections on others*, and then basely take Advantage of our *Frankness*. A *Secret* is a heavy Burthen, which weak Minds often throw down in Haste, without considering the mischievous Consequences of their Impatience. Then we cry out against their Perfidy, O ! the vile Traitors ! when we are the most guilty for having first betrayed our selves. We cannot bear to live without a Confidant : Then why should not another have his ? All manner of Constraint is so insupportable to us, that we immediately seek to be at Ease. We are for swimming
above

above the Water ; and yet, instead of observing the old Maxim, that, *we should hide nothing from our Friends*, we open our whole Heart to Hypocrites, and thus all comes out. A SECRET, (says l'Abbé de VARENNES) *passing in this Manner from one to another, runs at last into the Public, as to its Center.** Then we are sensible, but too late, that what it most behoved us to conceal, is in every Body's Mouth. So that, in Prudence, we should impart no *Secrets* which may bring us into any *Trouble*; and moreover live with the best *Friends* as with People who may turn our *Enemies*. So crafty a *Maxim*, cries one, must come from a *Jesuit*. Be not so hasty. Were there any such Thing, as true Friends, it then ought to be hissed at, and exploded as injurious to Friendship. What are all the *Civilities* we see, those Offers of Service and Shakings of the Hand, but a specious Treachery? For,

“ *To sacrifice the Laws, Justice and*
 “ *Truth to Self-Interest; to neglect the*
 “ *Duties*

* Vid. *Les Hommes* (i. e. *The MEN.*) Chap. xi.

“ *Duties of Society when we are involved*
 “ *in Distress ; to fawn, to flatter, to*
 “ *sport with Calumny, and Deceit ; to*
 “ *prefer a worthless Minion of Fortune*
 “ *to a Man of Honour ; to praise and dis-*
 “ *praise inconsiderately ; to revenge the*
 “ *least Injury ; to promise and seldom per-*
 “ *form ; to be civil, but without Sincerity ;*
 “ *to kiss the Man you would betray ;*
 “ *to misrepresent the most candid Virtue*
 “ *under the hypocritical Pretence of Au-*
 “ *sterity. To descry the smallest Mote*
 “ *in the Eye of the Poor and Miserable ;*
 “ *to truckle meanly and fawn on prospe-*
 “ *rous Guilt ; to extol the Vices of great*
 “ *Men. These are the Characteristica*
 “ *of Friends in our Times.*

It may now be said, without *Hyperbole*, that *Plain Dealing* is quite out of Fashion. The very Nature of *Friendship* is so far changed, that to abound in *Friends*, at present, is to be accounted a *Misfortune*. But,

This is meant of *False Friends* ; and where shall one find any other ? *SOCRATES* was of the same Mind, as is very prettily expressed by *Monfieur de*

la FONTAINE, viz. Every Body found some Fault with a House which *SOCRATES* was building. To speak freely, says one, the Inside is no Way answerable to the Dignity of a Philosopher. Another, by no Means liked the Front; but all agreed, that the Apartments were too small. One can scarce move in them; says a third. This is no House for You, cries a fourth. How happy were I, answered *SOCRATES*, if, small as it is, I could fill it with true Friends! Honest *SOCRATES* was in the Right to apprehend his House was too large for Persons of that Stamp. Every one styles himself Friend, but Woe be to him who trusts them; nothing being more common, than the Name; nor more uncommon, than the Thing.

It will be answered, that at least a Man may trust his own Wife, and some will go so far as to pretend, that he is absolutely obliged to do it. But I say, no; it is the Part of a wise Man to mistrust a Woman's Weakness. They take so much Pleasure in prating, that they heedlessly blab out all they know, and often what they know not. In short, they are only
to

to be trusted with those *Secrets*, which, if disclosed, will bring a *Disgrace* upon themselves. The more insinulative a Woman is, the more artful is she in prying into her Husband's *Secrets*, and therefore, he ought to be the more upon his Guard. Who knows, but there may be some great Men, now-a-days, who, like AUGUSTUS, lie with other Mens Wives, to draw *Secrets* of Importance from them? For a Woman, in her *Amorous Raptures*, will out with every Thing; and one Time or other inadvertently ruin her Husband, if he has been so weak as to let her into any Matters on which his Life, Honour, or Liberty depend. All Histories are full of *Instances* of the *Infidelity* of Women, * which Examples should imprint these Truths on our Minds, and teach us Circumspection.

G 2

Were

* We have a very remarkable one in *England*. When the *Secret* of investing *Namure* was disclosed to the *French King*, it was only intrusted with the late Duke of M***, whom King WILLIAM taxed with *Betraying* it. I never told any Body but my *Wife*, said the Duke. You might as well have put it into the *Gazette*! replied the King, and left him abruptly. *Ann.* 1692.

Were I inclined to satyrize the *Sex* in this *Particular*, I could produce a *thousand* Instances of it ; but I shall content my self with *one*, and that, taken out of the Holy Scripture. SAMPSON, after many glorious Victories over his Enemies, at length fell a Prey to the Wiles of his Mistress, DALILAH, to whom he was so weak as to disclose a *Secret* which drew on his Death, after innumerable Injuries. The pleasing Foibles of this *Woman* melted his Resolution into a Confession, that *his Strength lay in his Hair*. DALILAH, in the Flush of her Joy, with being possessed of this *weighty Secret*, imparts it to the *Philistines*, who promised her a great Reward, if she would deliver up SAMPSON to them. One Day, after a Profusion of Caresses and other Indearments, she lulled him asleep in her Lap, as usual, when instantly, she cut off his Hair, and betrayed him into the Hands of his Enemies. All the World knows the Event of this Stratagem : I shall therefore proceed to a Reflection of another Kind.

Expe-

Experience proves : That, a *Woman*, if enraged, were she privy to Matters which might hang her *Husband*, would not stick to reproach him with them openly. So let us be cautious of disclosing any Thing, to any *one Person*, not even to our *very Wives*, more especially not to them, unless we care not if the whole World knows it ; for, if we are so weak as to tell them every Thing, we may as well pay the *Common-Cryer* to proclaim our *Secrets* at the Corner of every Street. *All the World*, says MOLIERE, *knows their Imperfections. They are made up of Extravagancy and Indiscretion ; Malice is their Delight ; Treachery and Wantonness rule their frail Minds ; yet these pernicious Creatures rule the World.*

C H A P. XI.

Of BEAUTY and DRESS. With REFLECTIONS upon FASHIONS.

OUR Term of Life depends not on our Deed,
 Before our Birth our Fun'ral was decree'd.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor misled by Chance,
 Imperious Death directs his Ebon Lance:
 Peoples great HENRY's Tomb; and leads up }
 HOLBEIN's Dance.*

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage.

PRIOR.

He's deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Lure,
 Nor can bright Hebe's Charms her Bloom secure.

These are melancholly *Reflections* for
Ladies who pride themselves in their
Beauty: But it is what *they must all come*
to. Either *Death* destroys the charm-
 ing Graces of a fine Face, or reduces, in
 in the Bloom of Youth, the most comely
 Body

* This admirable *Verse* of Mr. PRIOR, alludes to
 a celebrated *Painting* of HANS HOLBEIN, called the
Dance of Death; on the Fore-ground of which *Piece*,
 is represented HENRY the Fourth of France, amidst
 his Courtiers; and *Death* throwing his Dart at that
 Monarch; to shew, that the King and the Beggar
 are alike subject to Mortality.

Body to a loathsome Feast for Worms ;
 or, *Old Age* comes on, and then fades
 the rosy Cheek ; the dead Eye sinks in,
 and all the fair Field of Beauty is laid
 waste. In this last State of Mortality,
Women have only a grating Remem-
 brance left them of *what they have been*.
 We see, how, when rough *Winter* is past,
 Nature revives, and puts on the gay Or-
 naments of the *Spring* : And when the
 Shades of *Night* have darkened the
Earth, the refulgent *Sun* breaking thro'
 the Gloom, renews his glorious Course.
 But when once *Beauty* sets in Years, it
 never rises again. Its *Winter* knows not
 the enlivening Return of *Spring*. Its
 Rays, which played so charming on the
 ravished Eye, are sunk in everlasting
 Night.

How wilt thou fret, proud CHLOE,
 when the shocking Reflection of thy
 wrinkled Visage shall fright thee from
 thy Looking-Glass, and the hideous
 Ruins of thy former Beauties shall make
 thee fancy thy self a ghastly Sprite.

Then, to be sure, wilt thou endeavour
 to conceal the Ravages of Age, and,
 G. 4. with

with all the deceitful Powers of Cosmetics, smooth and plump up the Wrinkles of thy Brow. The natural *Lillies* and *Roses* of thy Cheeks being withered, thou wilt be for laying on artificial Colours : But all to no Purpose ; for, *mal-gré* all the Art and Paint in the World, the Deformities of Old Age will shew themselves.

And whatever Secret the Tire-Woman may brag of, all her Skill cannot recover fading *Beauty* ; and she is so far from giving it *new Life*, that she only hastens its *Death*.

A little Share of good Sense would learn *Women* not to over-value themselves on account of so precarious an Ornament ; which the *Small-Pox*, or a thousand common Accidents may quite deface, and in their finest Years, long before the slow Approaches of Old Age.

*Attend therefore to such good Advice :
Devest your self of all light Thoughts,
frivolous Schemes and youthful Desires.
Pride not your self in the fading Allurements
of Beauty ; for those tempting
Flowers*

Flowers are full of Thorns: But bend your Mind to solid Pleasures.

What are these *solid Pleasures*? They are not to be found on *Earth*. And as every Thing *under the Sun* is obnoxious to Change, we ought frequently, and seriously, to meditate on the *transcendent Joys* of the *next World*. This Point duely considered, *Beauty* is no more to be relied on, than the *perishable Goods* of *Fortune*.

Women, in order to inhance the Lustre of their *Beauty*, or to drown their Defects in that invaluable Point, have Recourse to *Dress*. Behold *Lucinda*, for Example, who is three or four Hours together dressing or undressing her Head, till her Glass tells her, nothing can be nicer. She is now elated with the Thoughts of being irresistibly *dressed*. Then, some more Hours are taken up in practising the new *Airs* which she must put on in Company, to attract the Eyes of *Plancus*. This is the Drift of all her *subtil Arts* and *coquetish Wiles*, which sit infinitely better upon her, than *Devotion*; because any

Thing like *Regularity* is her Aversion. Are you aware *Lucinda* of what you are doing? The most costly Jewels, the finest Linen and Laces, the richest Brocades, and other Products of various Countries are all employed to set off your Person with the most exquisite Art and Splendor. What mean you by all this? Is it to win the Love of God? You cannot surely be ignorant, but that, on the contrary, this is the ready Way to draw down his terrible Vengeance on you. As you sometimes vouchsafe to look into the *New Testament*, did you never observe that *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, in their *Epistles*, have enjoined *Women* to adorn themselves with *Modesty* and *Good Works*, not with plaiting the Hair and costly Apparel? Can you elude the Force of this Precept, and are you not stricken with your Condemnation in it? Must every Nation imitate the wise Regulations of the Republic of *Geneva*, to compel *Women* to keep within the Bounds of *Christianity* in this Point? Yes, I say it ought to be so; since *Religion* cannot induce the fantastical Sex to a Reformation

tion so requisite for their *eternal Happiness*, and so beneficial to the Public.

Des Caurres, in his *Moral Treatises*, printed at *Paris*, 1575, implores the Assistance of the *Civil Magistrate* to regulate the Extravagancies of *Womens Dress*, in his Time. These are his Words; *We supplicate for an Order, that all Women and Maidens may cloath themselves modestly, with Shamefacedness and Sobriety, not with broidered Hair, or Gold or Pearls, or costly Array.*

But you, Ladies (who take delight in Dressing) are so far giving any Heed to this Advice of that worthy Gentleman *St. Paul*, that, in Spite of all his Preaching, you will Dress, tho' it be to your Destruction; unless God gives you the Grace to repent. It is as impossible to reform your Dress, as to take the Moon by the Teeth, unless the Magistrates think it worth While to take you in Hand. All Admonition is thrown away upon you; for you are so cursedly blinded by *Flesh and Blood*, that you neither fear God nor Devil; wherefore as Our Saviour told the Jews, you shall perish in your Pride and Vanity,

G 6

unless

unless you repent thereof. How much soever it goes against the Grain, one of these you must chuse, either to be cast headlong into Hell, or to unplait, unbat, unnet, that is to give over tricking up your Hair (like Bat's Wings, or like Nets) the Drift of which diabolical Arts is to catch and insnare Men to glut your greedy Lusts: Beware, or these Devices will sink you into everlasting Perdition.

By the Prudence of the Magistrates of Geneva, that illustrious and flourishing City is secured from *New Modes*, the enormous Mischiefs whereof are so visible in other Countries. There, *Women* are prohibited, under a severe Penalty, from wearing loose Gowns, which are so common every where else, or *Garden-Sattins*, or *Laces* above the established Price, &c. I must confess, I admired this wise Precaution, which enriches private Persons, who are thereby enabled to contribute *large Supplies* toward *Necessities* of the *State*. And what I was most surpris'd at, you hear no Body murmur against these *Laws*. Their Inclination leads them to a strict Observation

vance of them, and *Ladies*, even of the greatest Distinction, seem to have nothing so much at Heart as to emulate one another in those Virtues which are the peculiar and most amiable Ornaments of the Sex. In a Word, *France*, tho' bordering on the Territories of this City, has not yet infected them with the *Folly of Fashions*; which render the *French*, and the *English* their *Apes*, extremely ridiculous, from this Fickleness in their *Dress*. About twenty Years ago, *Women* were buried in their *Head-Dresses*; and now, *they* wear them so small, that one can scarce perceive *they* have any on. Citizens Wives, for a while, were very satirical against the *protuberant Hoop-Petticoat*; * but, when they had cracked their *Joke*, they strutted themselves in those of the most monstrous Size. The chief Point of *Feminine Politeness*, is to appear, forsooth, in the *Height* of the *Mode*.

“ We,

* That Garment was made a Subject for a sprightly *Muse* in *England*; for, I have seen a very ingenious *Poem*, intitled, *The Hoop-Petticoat*, in two *Cantoes*: Written by Mr. *Joseph Gay*.

“ We, all, may be said to live in
 “ *Slavery*. So far are we from depend-
 “ *ing on our selves*, that we often de-
 “ *pend on* such whimsical Caprices of
 “ others, as are totally void of *Reason* ;
 “ so gross, that we could not away with
 “ in the very Beasts, were they suscep-
 “ tible of them. But the most ridicu-
 “ lous, most unbecoming, and most pain-
 “ ful Slavery of all is the restless Desire
 “ of altering our Cloaths. No sooner,
 “ has *one* Fashion thrust out *another*,
 “ but the *newest* must continually give
 “ Place to a *Newer*.” Nothing can be
 more judicious than *Juvenal*’s Ideas, when
 he introduces us to a *Lady* at her *Toilet*,
 attended by her Chamber-Maid, in the
 greatest Confusion, for Want of Time
 to *dress herself*. All the Skill and Care
 the poor Wench employs in decking this
 Idol, her Mistress, is to no Purpose. O
frightful ! (cries my Lady, all on a sud-
 den) *What is the awkward Creature do-*
ing ? Don’t you know no better ? Bless
me ! What shall I do ! One Lock of Hair
sticks out farther than the rest. She is
 out of her Wits, and beats the poor
 Girl

Girl because of an *obstinate Favourite* that will not be *curled*. But, lest I should injure the *Poet*, let us hear him describe this *Roman Dame*.

*She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task ;
Her Head, alone, will twenty Dressers ask.
Pfecas, the Chief, with Breast and Shoulders bare—
Trembling, considers ev'ry Sacred Hair ;
If any Stragler from his Rank be found,
A Pinch must for the mortal Sin compound.
Pfecas is not in Fault : But, in the Glass,
The Dame's offended at her own ill Face.
The Maid is banish'd ; and another Girl,
More dext'rous, manages the Comb and Curl ;
The rest are summon'd on a Point so nice ;
And first, the grave old Woman gives Advice.
The next is call'd, and so the Turn goes round,
As each for Age, or Wisdom, is renown'd :
Such Counsel, such deliber'ate Care they take,
As if her Life and Honour lay at stake :
With Curls on Curls, they build her Head before,
And mount it with a formidable Tow'r.
Mean while, her Husband's whole Estate is spent !
He may go bare, while she receives his Rent, &c.*

DRYDEN.

The *present Times* exactly resemble the *Past* ; for *Women* are now grown to such

such a Height of Extravagancy and Folly, that nothing is deemed to be of so much *Importance*, as *keeping* themselves *Fine*, and in the *Fashion*.*

* As a farther Illustration of this Topic, see another excellent *Poem*, intitled, *The ART of DRESS*: Written by Capt. Brevai.

C H A P. XII.

Of FALSEHOOD and DECEIT, *alias*
LYING.

THOSE who set up for the most *scrupulous Sincerity*, do not always keep so close in *this Point*, but, sometimes, and that deliberately, they express themselves in a Manner little answerable to their Minds, and this, in rigid Morality, is called *Lying*. But as I profess my self of a more complying Temper, “ I am of Opinion, with *Puf-*
“ *fendorf*, * that if we do sometimes
“ *Speak* differently from what we *think*,
“ it is not always to be called *Lying*.
“ And,

* See, his *Treatise*, Of the Duty of Man, according to the *Law of Nature*, B. I. Ch. X.

“ And, upon this Foot, *they* are not to
 “ be branded with the Name of *Liars*,
 “ who contrive a *Falsity* for some good
 “ End, which they cannot compass
 “ without it. But, whenever there is
 “ a manifest Obligation on us, *faithful-*
 “ *ly* and *roundly* to declare our *Thoughts*
 “ to any one, it is *criminal* either to sup-
 “ press any Part of the *Truth*, or to make
 “ Use of *Equivocations*, or *Mental Re-*
 “ *servations*.” These are the Dictates
 of *Conscience* abstracted from *Revelation*,
 which carries this *Principle* still farther.
 It teaches us, that GOD being *Truth it*
self, *Lying* is, of all Things, *most hate-*
ful to him; that, *Liars* are Children of the
 Devil; and *Damnation*, which is the ever-
 lasting Torments of *Hell*, will be their
Portion.

For there is really something so *shock-*
ing in a Lie, when only considered in a
natural Light, and so far remote from
 the genuine Notion of a *Man of Honour*,
 that a certain *inward Sentiment*, arising
 from the very *Nature* of this *Idea*,
 and which is better felt than defined, sets
 us all on Fire, when the LIE is given us.
 This

This is reckoned so great an Affront, that nothing but the Offender's Blood can make Satisfaction for it, tho' we risque our own in the Revenge. Is not this a very convincing Proof, that *Lying* is one of the foulest of Vices and most abominable in the Eyes of GOD? And since the World looks upon a *Lie* as an Outrage against *Honour*, is it not very natural to conclude from hence, that *Lying* brings an indelible Stain of *Infamy* upon us?

Some of the *Heathen* Philosophers have accounted *Lying* a punishable Vice, as it is the Bane of *Civil Society*. *Plato*, in his *Common-Wealth*, * gives into an Extreme, very different, as to this Point, from the *System* of certain *Moralists* now-a-Days. According to this eminent *Philosopher*, they alone, who sit at the *Helm* of *State*, are allowed to *Lie*; and then only, when it is for the *Public Good*. Every one else must refrain from *Lying*. If a Subject, either a *Mechanic*, a *Physician*, or, a Person of any other Profession, tells a *Lie* to the *Prince*, he ought to be punished. If

* De REPUBLICA. Lib. 3.

If a *Heathen* expresses such a warm Indignation against *Lying*, can a *Christian*, instructed in the *Law* of GOD, ever sufficiently detest it? Yet scarce a Minute passes every Day, but we tell *Lies* premeditatedly, and for Diversion. This *mean* Vice is now become so general, that, in common Conversation, for *one Truth*, there are *twenty Falsities* told, or it is a Wonder. Every Body knows, that a *notorious Liar* is never to be credited. *Aristotle*, being asked, *what Folks* got by *Lying*? replied, *Not to be believed when they speak Truth.* * It is amazing that this Vice has spread it self to such a Degree among us: But it is a very grievous Concern to me to think, that it is impossible to please the *Fair Sex* without commencing arrant *Liars*. One must be possessed of this disgraceful Quality in the Superlative Degree, and know how to display it *methodically*, to be welcome to *Dorintha*. Whatever becomes of *Truth*, her arrogant Presumption must be flattered; we must

humour

* See, Diogenes Laertius's *Lives* of the *Philosophers*, Book V.

humour the envious Spite she has conceived against such and such Ladies, who have been so vain as to set up against her, for Beauty, and other Accomplishments of Body and Mind.

Silvia has this Talent in Perfection. Do but listen to her, and she will tell you, that, *She is lineally descended from the best and most ancient Families in the Kingdom; and, at least, cannot forbear tracing her Genealogy as far back as the Conquest.* She gives you, in the most regular Manner, not only the *Christian-Names*, but also the *Sur-Names*, and *Titles* of her *Ancestors*; and runs long Divisions on their *illustrious Atchievements*. Now, that you may not be imposed upon by such idle Stuff, I assure you (but let it go no farther) her *Grand-Father* was a *Tooth-Drawer*. This Folly is finely rallied by *Juvenal*.

*What's the Advantage, or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our ancient Blood.
Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit,
By Genealogic-Branches, Fame or Merit;
Tho' plodding Heralds, thro' each Branch, may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,*

While

*While their Bad-Lives that Family belie,
And grieves the Brass which stands dishonour'd by.
'Tis meer Burlesque ———*

*Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
The Follies which illgrace a Country-Hall,
Challenge no Wonder, or Esteem from me;
Virtue alone, is true Nobility.
Live therefore Well: To Men and Gods appear,
Such as the Good and Great before you were.*

SAT. VIII. STEPNEY.

*Alcippus, a professed Liar, is the
Confidant of the High-born Silvia: It is
rumoured, that they will make a Match;
tho' all his Merit and Estate lies in his Family,
which is indeed of some standing. Is
not this a mighty Reward for all his
fulsome Encomiums on Silvia. At this
Rate, Who would not be a Liar? Every
one, you may say, is not so lucky
as Alcippus. True, but yet, we must
acknowledge, with Monsieur Bayle, that,
“ All those who cajole others, with flat-
“ tering Lies, generally find the Sweets
“ of it, and those no small ones. They
“ procure themselves Friends, who some-
“ times pay them ready Money for their
“ Praises; or do them good Offices up-
“ on*

“ on Occasion; or, at least, return them
 “ *Praise* for *Praise*. At the worst, they
 “ hug themselves with a secret Pleasure,
 “ in perceiving the *Credulity* of those they
 “ *flatter*, and of avoiding their *Displea-*
 “ *sure*; for some *People* are so taken
 “ with this *Incense*, that they will never
 “ forgive those who are sparing of it to
 “ them.”

Having begun *Alcippus's* Picture, I must give it the *finishing Stroke*. He is *officious a Liar*, that sometimes he tells *Silvia*, that *Another* has extolled *her* to the Skies, nay more, has given her the Preference in Point of Beauty, for which she herself is most admired. Thus, his *Lies* cause the pleasantest Confusion imaginable in all *Assemblees*, A Visit shall be paid with the most complaisant Esteem, six Months after it has been due, while both Sides have been back-biting one another all the Time. To close all, in that short, but excellent Characteristic of Dr. *South*, *The Liar, is a Bravo to GOD, and a Coward to MAN.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Of CALUMNY and DETRACTION.

THE whole World is, at present, most miserably pestered with two detestable Vices, *Detraction* and *Calumny*; Vices, which are even more abominable in the Sight of God, than *Lying* it self, and are very severely threatened in the *Scripture*. To *detract*, is to tell abroad the *real Failings* of any Person: To calumniate, is to blacken a Person with *suppositious ill Qualities*.

Theophrastus defines *Detraction*, to be
 “ a malevolent and private Proneness of
 “ Spirit, to think Ill of all Mankind,
 “ which manifestly shews it self in Words.”

So that *Women* being very vain, and very envious, they are perfect *Mistresses* in the noble Science of *Detraction*, and if one do not make *Reprisals* upon them, they are delighted beyond Measure with a *scandalous Tale* of their own Sex; more especially if it be of any, who vie with their Cronies, either in Beauty, Wit, Repu-

Reputation, Precedence, or any thing else.
“ Upon this Account, says Monsieur
“ Bayle, you may as well let alone
“ your *Visits*, if you do not tickle them
“ with some scandalous Relation of
“ their Neighbours, or of those who
“ keep Company with them. If you
“ have not heard any Story, you must
“ make one, for it is to no Purpose to
“ set up for a *Woman's* Man, without
“ a gentile Knack at *Scandal*. This
“ has given Rise to an Observation,
“ that of all Places in the World, none
“ come up, for *Detraction*, to those
“ where the *Two Sexes* are continually
“ together; and not only because this
“ Familiarity creates a thousand In-
“ cidents which furnish *Tittle Tattle*;
“ but that, in this edifying School,
“ *Men* attain to all the Niceties of that
“ fashionable *Science*.”

It is very difficult to *detraet* without giving into *Calumny*. We are inclined to magnify Objects, and seldom can disparage any Body, but we must add some aggravating Circumstances, tho' wholly groundless.

Cenophila,

Cenophila, after hearing a *Sermon* against *Detraction*, first launches out in Commendation of the *Preacher*, addressing her self to a Neighbour, continues she, Did you take Notice of that coquetish Creature, *Delia*; how can she have the Face to wear a *Silk-Gown*? You would tremble to know her Way of Life, and what is worse, she is a kept Mistress, forsooth; while so many honest People are toiling and moiling Night and Day to bring up their Families. This is *Detraction*; but *Cenophila* falsely adds, that *Delia*, is Six Months gone with Child. Now this is *Calumny*. *Eucharis*, a downright Plain Dealer, who is so sincere, that he seems born to tell every one their own, and who so often breaks in upon the Rules of Politeness; *Eucharis*, I say, who was within hearing, cried out, with a pretty loud Voice; Why, *Cenophila*, what do you mean, by thus bespattering poor *Delia*? Do you know that I have it from above Half a Score of your own Gossips, that you were ready to be brought to Bed? But, your Shape convinces me there is nothing in it.

H

How-

However, others give out, that the Show is over ; and that your Little One is nursed within a hundred Yards of your own House ; nay, some affirm, that they have seen the Child, and talked to the Nurse. Now, Cenophila, tell me, if to run on at this Rate be Detraction or Calumny ? The Person who sets up to be an universal Back-biter, is never at a Loss for new Matter to exercise his Tongue ; tho' very often it be to the Prejudice of those whom he knows nothing of. He reflects on the *mean Birth* of one ; on the *Misfortunes* of another ; on the *Morals* of a third ; nay, thinks fit to rally even *Natural Infirmities* which cannot be remedied.*

Basilia

* One would almost swear, that the Chevalier *Plante-Amour* had the *Author* of the *DUNCIAD* in his Eye when he drew this Character. For Mr. Pope has been pleased to ridicule the *Shape* and *Make* of others, tho' the *Turn* of his own *Body*, is that of a *Ram's Horn* ; and, the *Perverseness* of his *Mind*, is excellently thus recorded, viz.

*Hasten, unenvy'd Bard, new Palms to seize,
Thy little, envious, angry Genius tease ;
Divide a busy, fretful, Life, between
Smut, Libel, Sing-song, Vanity, and Spleen ;*

Tatlers,

Basilia tells every Particular of *Cerint*ha's Family-Oeconomy. There is nothing done but she knows it; nor does she fail to improve what is really *true*, with some good-natured *Fictions* of her own. In a Word, *Detraction* is her sole *Pride* and *Delight*.

What *Theophrastus* says of this Vice, compleatly finishes the Character of a *Back-biter*. "If he is asked; Who
" such a *Man* is? He immediately lets
" you into his *Genealogy*: His Father's
" Name was * *Sofia*, but he was known
" in the Army, where he served, by
" that of *Sofistratus*; since he has been
" made a *Freeman*; and admitted into
" one of the *Tribes* of the City: † As for

Tatlers, Spectators, Guardians, Craftsmen, *write*;
And Friends, and Foes, like a Mad Mungrel, bite.

Detraction and *Calumny*, are so much the peculiar *Talents* of Mr. *Pope*; that, Mr. *Addison* gave it, as his Opinion, — *He had betrayed, and abused, all his Acquaintance round.* What can be expected from such a *Wretch*?

* This Appellation, among the *Greeks*, was usually the Name of a *Footman* or a *Slave*.

† The People of *Athens*, like those of ancient *Rome*, were divided into different *Tribes*.

“ his Mother, she was a *Thracian* Lady ; *
 “ for all the *Thracian* Women, adds he,
 “ value themselves upon the Antiquity of
 “ their Families. But this unworthy Son
 “ of such reputable Parents, is such a Ras-
 “ cal, that the Gallows is too good for
 “ him : Then, returning to the Mother
 “ of this Person whom he so handsome-
 “ ly Characterises ; She is, says he, one
 “ of those *Gentlewomen* who dog Young
 “ People upon the Road, and, as it were,
 “ carry them off to be ravished. † If any
 “ one in Company rails at a Person who
 “ is absent, he takes up the Conversa-
 “ tion. I am, says he to him, of your
 “ Mind ; I hate the Fellow, I cannot
 “ endure him. What an out-of-the-
 “ Way *Phiz* he has ! There is not a
 “ viler Rascal living. He is a mere
 “ Scoundrel, and a poor fordid Wretch
 “ in all his Ways. Do you know how
 “ much he allows his Wife for the Ex-
 “ pence

* This is said by way of *Derision* of the *Thracian* Women, who were wont to come into *Greece*, either to be *Servants*, or something worse.

† *Angliæ*, Bawds ; who kept Brothels on the Highways, for all Kinds of Debaucheries. They are now called, CHARTERIS'S Purveyors.

“ pence of every Meal. Not a *Souſe*
 “ more than a *Three-penny Cut*, at a
 “ boiling Cook’s ; and, in the very
 “ Depth of *Winter*, he obliges her to
 “ waſh herſelf with cold Water ? If one
 “ takes his Leave, he echoes him o-
 “ ver, almoſt in the ſelf-ſame Words.
 “ He does not ſpare ſo much as his moſt
 “ intimate Friends ; and the very Dead
 “ cannot reſt in Peace in their Graves,
 “ for his abuſive Tongue.*

It would be a hard Matter to find a Man who is intirely free from this Vice, and who has never given the leaſt Uneaſineſs to Perſons of Worth, by *Slanders* or *false Reports*. From hence, I conclude with *Horace*, † that, *He who back-bites his Friend ; who does not take his Part when injured ; who ſpares no Body ; who ſets up for a Jeſter ; who will not ſtick to invent a thouſand Falsehoods ; one who cannot keep a Secret ; I conclude, I ſay, that ſuch a Perſon may be called a very wicked Man, and of whom every Body ought to beware.*

H 3

CHAP.

* SOLON, the Athenian Legiſlator, made a Law againſt ſpeaking Ill of the Dead. † See, B. I. Sat. IV.

C H A P. XIV.

Of FLATTERY and DISSIMULATION.

FALSEHOOD and *Flattery* are two *Vices* which are inseparable Companions, but do not always accompany *Dissimulation*. A *Flatterer* is a Man wholly guided by *Self-Interest*, and is inexhaustible in the Praises of him whom he professes to esteem. As we are not in the least obliged to flatter those we converse with, so it must generally have some Tincture of Guilt in it. *Flattery* nourishes the Vanity of *Women*, it makes them fancy themselves handsome, and handsomer than all the rest of one's Acquaintance. They doat on themselves, and so, by Degrees, swell up to a Contempt of all the World besides. This perpetual Repetition of their transcendent Charms, at Length, intoxicates them with a Notion, that they exceed those who are vastly superior to them in every Respect.

When

When *Alcippus* and *Cenobia* are together, he is not satisfied with telling her, that, *she is a very agreeable Woman*; but she must be called *Venus*, and *Cœlestial Beauty*. Nothing true or natural comes from him. His Descriptions are as flattering, as his Comparisons are extravagant. But he finds his Account in it much better than if he was to assert a downright Falsehood; at least, this is the surest Way for him to curry Favour with *Cenobia*. He never says, nor does, any Thing at Random. All his Words and Actions tend to ingratiate himself with her; so that he would be extremely unfortunate should he miss his Aim. But, her gracious Deportment, on some Occasions, shews he has already made a considerable Progress in her Esteem.

It is alledged, says M. l'Abbé de *Varennés*,* that, "*Women assume much more Haughtiness than Men do*;" Whom are we thank for this but ourselves? As it is no Concern of ours to be jealous of them, we humour our Fol-

H 4 lies,

* See, *Les Hommes*, (i. e. *The Men*), Ch. XV. Pag. 150.

lies, and, by the Force of Flattery, possess them with a Conceit, that they have a Licence to do any Thing.

It is worth remarking here, that, *Truth* and *Flattery* are incompatible; and as it is the Part of *true Friendship* to speak one's Mind freely, it is plain, that *Flattery* is destructive to *Friendship*, the *Bases* of which are *Truth* and *Sincerity*.

“ Shew me, if it be possible, a more
“ ungenerous *Bent* of *Mind* than is prac-
“ tised, in an *Amour*, to impose upon
“ *Credulity*. The only Way to suc-
“ ceed is smoothly to ply their *Self-Love*.
“ Were *Women* but better informed, as
“ to the real Motives, from whence
“ proceeds all that Incense of Praise we
“ offer to them with such a profuse De-
“ votion, perhaps they would turn up
“ their Noses at it, and, by deserved
“ Slights, intirely abolish this ungodly
“ Way of Worship. But the *Evil* is
“ now beyond *Remedy*; for they them-
“ selves have ranked this pleasing Art
“ of seducing them among the Quali-
“ fications of a well-bred Man.

As

As for *Disimulation*, it is nothing near so criminal as *Flattery*. There are Occasions when it may sometimes be necessary, and *Prudence* must direct us when it is convenient to be *sincere*, or to *dissemble* a little. But if the Drift of *Disimulation* be to deceive, or seduce, by ambiguous and subtil Words, fly from it, for nothing is more base and pernicious. “ An honest frank Temper, says *Theophrastus*, never appears “ in Disguise: The Venom of Asps is “ not so much to be shunned, as *Double* “ *Dealing*.” Then how circumspect ought we to be with *Women*, since their Mouths are full of *Flattery*. “ * *La-* “ *lage* will accost some People whom “ she hates; she talks to them, and so, “ by this Artifice, makes them believe, “ she is reconciled to them in good “ Earnest. She praises those whom she “ wishes ruined; and condoles with “ them upon any Misfortunes she hears “ is befallen them. She makes a Shew “ of forgiving all injurious Railings a-
H 5 “ gainst

* This Character, is an Imitation of *Theophrastus*'s Manner of Writing.

“ gainst her: She repeats, with the
“ most unconcerned Calmness, all the
“ vile Aspersions which have been
“ spread abroad concerning her: She
“ endeavours, with all the soothing
“ Expressions imaginable, to soften
“ those who are exasperated against her,
“ on account of Injuries received at her
“ Hand, and to silence their Com-
“ plaints. If any one, imagining her
“ his Friend, comes to her all in a hurry,
“ she pretends great Business, and he
“ is desired to call another Time. She
“ carefully conceals whatever she does;
“ and, by her Talk, you would think
“ she was always deliberating. Very
“ often, after listening to what People
“ are talking about, she will protest,
“ she had no Manner of Meaning in it.
“ She will pretend not to have seen
“ those Things from which she has but
“ just turned away her Eyes; or, if she
“ has *contracted* for any Thing, to be
“ sure, the *Agreement* is quite out of
“ her Head.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

Of FRIENDSHIP *and* HATRED.

Friendship is, of all Things, the most desirable in *Prosperity*, as well as in *Adversity*. It consummates our Happiness, and helps to bear us up against the Frowns of Fortune. Is it not one of the greatest Blessings in Life, to enjoy a Person who is, as it were, another *Self*? Are not the Impressions of all Pleasures more lively, when we have a *Friend* who partakes of them with us? And, is there a more tender Alleviation of Affliction, than a Person who sympathizes with us, and who often is more sensibly touched with our Sufferings than we are our selves? Such are the Sentiments of the immortal *Cicero*! In whose Tractate, *De Amicitia*, the Loveliness and Felicity of *Friendship* are most excellently delineated.

True Friendship must be accompanied with its *two* essential Qualities, *Probity* and *Constancy*. These Characters are

the very *Soul* of Friendship; wanting them, it is all Delusion: From whence, without any Breach of Charity, we may infer, that the *Friendship* of *Men* and *Women*, now-a-Days, is mere Pre-
 tence. *Interest* only, is the Band of it, and it is owing to this *self-same Interest*, that there is no *lasting Friendship*; for, says M. l' Abbé *Varennés*, before-mentioned, "To love each other,
 " purely for the Pleasure of *loving each*
 " *other*, is a Sentiment too refined for
 " Men, among whom there is found so
 " little *real Amity*: There is something
 " more *selfish* in the Grounds of their
 " *Friendship*, than any reciprocal Merit;
 " which is, because they are sensible,
 " that they cannot subsist without each
 " other's Assistance."

According to this Position, there can scarce be a hearty Love between *Two Women*. *Hypocrisy* lurks at the Bottom even of their *strictest Intimacies*. What is the Reason of *this*? It is because their *Self-Love* makes *each* of them fancy some superior Excellencies in *her self*, which utterly destroys the *Friendship*
 they

they ought to have for one another. They *Both* flatter themselves, that they surpass each other, in Beauty, Wit, or Riches, and it is morally impossible but that these fond Conceits will shew themselves; this is enough to break off any Acquaintance. Such a Disposition of Mind will not allow even of a mutual *Esteem*, how then can it be expected that they should entertain any Thing like *Love* to each other.

“ The strongest Proof of *Friendship* “ is to sacrifice to it all that *Self-Love* “ holds most dear: He must have a “ *thorough Love* for his *Friend*, who “ will own himself his *Inferior*, in all “ *Respects*; and, *vice versa*, to set up “ to be his *Superior*, in every Thing “ is not to *love* him at all.”

Corianta, you say, is nice, even to a Scruple, in her *Friendship*: She has chosen for her Companion the most amiable and virtuous young Lady in all the Town: She follows her every where; to Church, to the Park, to the Play, they are continually together. Yet, replies *Zerodotus*, I cannot help suspecting

suspecting that *Corianta* does not really love *Ariana*; else, why cannot she commend her Virtues, but must also lay open her Faults, and the most hidden Springs of her Behaviour? Is it out of *Charity*, or to prevent any *Scandal*, that she puts ill Constructions upon all the Actions of her Friend? How unaccountable is this ill Nature of *Corianta*! She will, on all Occasions, expose *Ariana*, and yet protest, that she has all the Esteem in the World for her. I have forbore telling her my Mind, *continues she*, lest it might break off our *Friendship*. This ushers in a scandalous *History* of some young Ladies who were offended at her *Expostulations*. She tells you, how they first lost their Reputation, but desires you not to speak one Word of it; and all this it seems proceeds from her tender *Charity*! As much may be said of most of those Ladies who boast of their many *Intimacies*.

But if *Women* cannot love, they can hate, it seems, even to a most terrible Excess. When once they have taken an
Aversion

Aversion to any one, they are seldom brought off from it. Yet, of all Passions, what can be so unjust as *Hatred*, when it is pointed at any Thing, but what may destroy our *Being*? For all Creatures are the Work of God, and bear in their Image visible Impresses of the adorable Character of their great Creator: They are indued with Qualities proper to excite Love; and Goodness, which is the chief Object of a well-regulated Love, is by Nature woven inseparably into their Essence; so that GOD approved of them as soon as he had created them, and, to induce us to love them, he pronounced them very *good*. Howsoever they may jar with our Humours, or Inclinations, we still ought to believe, that there is nothing *ill* in them, and that even those Qualities which offend us are applicable to *good* Uses. *Hatred* towards any Thing in this World, being so injurious a Passion, he who will entertain it, let him go in Quest of a defective and mischievous Creation, where his just Indignation may satiate it self. For, says Father

ther *Senault*, in his *Treatise* of the *Passions*, “ The Heavens and the *Earth* are
 “ full of Loveliness. If there be any
 “ Thing our Temper is disgusted at,
 “ we must blame our own ill Humour,
 “ or impute it to *Sin*, which, by deprav-
 “ ing our Will, sours it with unrea-
 “ sonable Antipathies, and begets in us
 “ a *Hatred* to the Works of *God*.” The
Aversion we have for some particular
 Creatures cannot but be displeasing to
 GOD, who, being the Sovereign Good,
 and the Sole Creator of all Things, *loves*
 his *Works*, and must look upon the *Ha-*
tred of them as an Affront to himself.
 “ *Hatred*, says *Charron* (in his *Book of*
 “ *Wisdom*, Ch. II.) is a Weakness in our
 “ Nature, a Proof of our Indigence,
 “ and a Passion whereof the Works of
 “ GOD are by no Means proper Ob-
 “ jects.”

I have already observed, that *Hatred*
 is a very common Passion among *Women*;
 and whoever considers that it is gene-
 rally the venomous Offspring of *Self-*
Love, will readily grant it. “ For did
 “ we keep a better Government over
 “ our

“ our *Affections*, our *Aversions* would
 “ not be so freakish. We should *hate*
 “ those Things only which are in them-
 “ selves *hateful*, without any selfish Bi-
 “ as. But we are so unjust, that we
 “ judge of Things only as they concern
 “ us. Those Things which displease
 “ us, we absolutely condemn, and as
 “ lavishly commend whatever is agree-
 “ able to us. So strange is our Blind-
 “ ness, that we make the Satisfaction,
 “ or Uneasiness, they give us the only
 “ Standard of the Good or Evil of
 “ Things. We would have all Crea-
 “ tures square *their* Inclinations con-
 “ formably to *ours*, and all Things tend
 “ to *us* as to the *Center* of the World.”

C H A P. XVI.

Of E N V Y.

IT is hard to give an exact Definition
 of *Envy*; but to draw it in its most
 proper Colours, we may call it *a base*
 and *unjust Repining*, which makes us
 endea-

endeavour to find out Faults in the most amiable Virtues of others. It is an uneasy Passion, and, in short, its own Tormentor.

Those merciless Tyrants, *Phalaris*, *Agathocles*, and *Dionysius*, so infamous in History for their Barbarities, never invented more acute and insupportable Tortures than those Wretches endure, who are possessed with the *Spirit of Envy*.

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

Invidia Siculi non invenère Tyranni

Majus Tormentum.

HOR. I. Ep. 2.

For, as Sir *William Temple* elsewhere renders *Horace*,

No Man's Possessions e'er can make him blest'd,

Who is not well himself, and sound at Heart;

Nature will ever be too strong for Art.

In whatever Light we view it, the Heinousness thereof appears; since it openly makes War upon those noble Habitudes, which almost raise our Minds to the perfect Purity of the Sanctities of Heaven. Other Passions have their Limits,

mits, and attack only their *Opposites* ; but *Envy*, like a furious Monster, falls upon all which is good and praise-worthy in Man. *She* spares neither the Goods of Fortune, nor Humility ; Charity nor Devotion ; but makes a Property of every Thing, and thinks that all Rewards are *her* due. *Its* Happiness seems to lie in other People's Sufferings. So that this base Repining is a general Evil, a Compound of Avarice, Pride, and Cruelty. *It* always levels *its* Bolts at the most glorious and eminent Virtues, and mustering up all *its* Rage, exerts *its* utmost Efforts against those who shine with distinguished Lustre. In all the Murders and Parricides, which have been committed, *Envy* has armed and guided the Assassin's Hand. *Envy* stirred up the *Children* of *Jacob* against their Brother *Joseph*. They grew jealous of his future Greatness, and sold him for a Slave, thereby to thwart the *G O D* of *Heaven* who intended to make a *King* of him. *Envy* furiously animated *Saul* against *David*, by a blind Persuasion, that the Great-

ness

ness of their *Subjects* is of all Things the most *dangerous* to *Princes*. But, to go back to the ever-deplorable Source of all our Miseries ; was it not *Envy* which pushed on the *Devils*, and suggested to them how to destroy *Mankind* even before their Birth ; making them *all* to die in Adam ? *Invidia Vitium Diabolicum quo solo Diabolus reus est ; non enim ei dicitur ut damnetur ; Adulterium commisisti, Furtum fecisti, Villam alienam rapuisti ; sed Homini stanti invidisti.* *Augustin, Lib. VI.* The *Envious Man* sits brooding over his Chagrin, when all the World rejoices ; and is merry amidst any public Calamity. He smiles at his own Ruin, if his Enemy be but involved in it ; and Acts of Injustice are so natural to him, that he will not forego the Pleasure of Revenge, tho' his Life should pay for it. He is angry with Fortune, and complains of the Age he lives in ; and when he cannot prevail against the Prosperity of his Enemies, in Despair, he shuts himself up from all Company, and chews the Cud of Discontent, which serves as a Punishment for

for the many Crimes he has been guilty of. *Obirascitur Fortunæ Invidus, & de Sæculo queritur & in Angulos suos Pœna incubat sua.* Seneca, *de Tranquil.* Cap. II. Nothing can be more cowardly than his Courage; he is of so grov'ling a Nature, that if Fortune sometimes raises him, he cannot forbear fordidly debasing himself with Things beneath his Regard. *O Invidia quæ semper sibi est inimica! nam qui invidet, sibi quidem Ignominiam facit, illi autem cui invidet Laudem parit.* Chrysoft.

It is a certain Maxim, that, *whatever creates Envy in Us, is above Us.* In taking Umbrage at the Merit of our Equals, we acknowledge our selves their Inferiors, and our own Judgments give Sentence against our selves. Seneca, that noble Philosopher, who has made himself so famous by his unshaken Resolution at his Death, has observed, that, *Envy is a Passion only to be found in narrow, weak Minds,* and that it can never get Admittance among gallant Spirits, who are always busied in some generous Undertaking. *Si non invideris major*

major es: nam qui invidet minor est. For, as Father Senault, above-cited, remarks, “ Were there any thing like a *Nobleness* of *Mind* in *them*, or had *Virtue* imparted to *them* that compleat Satisfaction *she* never fails to carry along with *her*, *they* would rest satisfied with their *Condition*, and not pine away themselves with *Wishes* which discover their *Misery*. If they were stricken with any shining Perfection in their *Equals*, they would not be backward to give it all due Praise, or a glorious Emulation would incite them to acquire it in *themselves*. But as the *Vice* which tyrannises over them, *Serpent-like*, is always crawling on the Ground, so all their Conceptions are base and abject. Even when they strive to exalt themselves, they sink the lower; and Experience shews us, that their *seeming* Grandeur, is purely an Effect of their *real* Misery.”

It would be accounted needless, after all what has been said, to go about to prove that *Envy* (far from being so extraordinary a Thing among *Women* as

may

may complaisantly be imagined) is, what all the *Sex* are addicted to. The Pleasure they take in *Back-biting*, together with their Proneness to *Revenge*, are manifest *Demonstrations* of their *Guilt*.

C H A P. XVII.

Of AVARICE and PRODIGALITY.

THE Comparison which the *Moralists* make of *Avarice* to the *Dropfy*, seems to me a very just one. For, as a *Dropfical Man*, is always pining for *Thirst*, amidst his watry Store, so is the *Miser* always poor, even in excess of *Wealth*. All his Thoughts and Time are taken up how to increase his Store. *Semper Avarus eget*, says the fine-judging *Horace*.* He readily forsakes Honour, Ease, Reputation, and all that is truly valuable, to Lift himself in the Service of this insatiable *Vice*. He denies himself all the Conveniences of Life, and foregoes even the most innocent Pleasures, to heap up Gold upon

* Epist. 2. B. I.

Gold.

Gold. Who could ever have imagined, says M. l'Abbé de *Varennés*, that, “ to
 “ lock up one's Riches, and one's self a-
 “ long with them; to tell over one's *Cash*,
 “ and calculate the *Interest*; to have
 “ such a watchful Eye on one's *Strong-*
 “ *Box*, as never to lose Sight of it but
 “ with an aching Heart; to be conti-
 “ nually tortured with corroding Fears
 “ of the falling of *Stocks*; to dread the
 “ rising of the *Land-Tax*; in short, to
 “ sleep and wake in Anxiety; and in such
 “ Disquiets to linger out a fleeting Life,
 “ even to which the *Miser* must never
 “ expect to return: Who, I say, could
 “ ever have imagined that so sordid a
 “ Folly, should grow up to a *Passion*,
 “ supply the Place of every other Plea-
 “ sure, and be preferred before the ut-
 “ most Serenity of Mind?”

Tho' *Women* love to make much of themselves, and are so taken with all Kinds of Diversions; yet there are some who give into Covetousness. Could any one imagine, that *Faustina*, who is always so meanly Drest, walks on Foot, eats a dry Chrust of brown Bread, and drinks

drinks Water, has above Two Thousand Pounds a Year. Yet it certainly is so; and all the Town knows it. She keeps no Servant, receives no Visits, nor ever Plays. She is constant at Church: But does all this, think you, proceed from *Religion* or *Bigotry*? Neither from one, nor the other, it is mere *Avarice* which makes her put on this outward Show of Abstemiousness, Modesty and Virtue. Can *Faustina* be ignorant that *Avarice*, both in its Nature and Effects, is a most abominable Sin in the Eyes of God? Has she never heard, that *Covetousness is the Root of all Evil*? That, St. Paul compares this monstrous *Vice* to *Idolatry*? She knows all this, and yet she is *Covetous*; surely then, she must feel some exquisite Pleasure in it, which overbalances all the Hardships of her coarse Way of Life, for such it most certainly is. *Horace* was in the Right to make a *Miser* say,

*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo,
Ipse domi, simul ac Nummos contemplor in Arcâ.*
SAT. IV.

*Tho' the Mob hiss, and will not let me rest,
I have Ten Thousand Guineas in my Chest.*

I

To

To this *Portrait of Faustina*, I shall
 subjoin *Theophrastus's Character of a*
Miser. “ In dangerous Times, *says he*,
 “ the People are obliged to convene,
 “ in order to levy such Taxes as the
 “ Emergencies of the Common-wealth
 “ require ; then he rises, and says not a
 “ Word ; but oftner he brushes thro’
 “ the Croud, and goes his Way. When
 “ he Marries his Daughter, and Sacri-
 “ fices according to Custom, he leaves
 “ only those Parts of the Victim, which
 “ must be burnt upon the Altar, reserving
 “ the others for Sale. As he has no
 “ Servants of his own to wait at Table,
 “ and perform the Ceremonies of the
 “ Wedding, he hires People at so much
 “ a Head, during all the Time of his
 “ Feast, who are to diet themselves.
 “ If he is Captain of a Ship, to keep
 “ his own *Bed* from wearing out, he
 “ will lie down with his Men upon a
 “ *Mattress* he has borrowed of his Pilot.
 “ Another Time, would you believe
 “ it, this sordid Wretch would buy
 “ Victuals ready dressed, and all
 “ Sorts of Herbs in the open Market,
 “ and

“ and, without any Concern, carry them
 “ under his Robe in his Bosom. If
 “ he sends his Robe to the Scowlers to
 “ be cleaned, he must keep House that
 “ Day, having no other to put on. To
 “ avoid meeting any distressed Acquain-
 “ tance, who might ask some Relief, so
 “ soon as ever he spies him, he slyly
 “ turns aside, and moves Home again.
 “ He will not keep his Wife any Ser-
 “ vants, but thinks it sufficient if he
 “ hires some to attend her into the City,
 “ whenever she goes abroad. He sweeps
 “ his own Room every Morning, and
 “ is his own Bed-maker. I must not
 “ forget to add, that he wears a thread-
 “ bare, dirty Cloak, and all full of
 “ Spots ; that he himself, being asha-
 “ med of it, may turn it when he is ob-
 “ liged to be present at any Assembly.”

This *Picture*, which is an exact Copy
 from *Nature*, justifies the Opinion of
Antisthenes, a Heathen Philosopher, who
 used to say, that, *A covetous Man, could*
not be an honest Man. The *Lacedæmo-*
nians were so much convinced of this
 Truth, that they inflicted severe Pu-
 nish-

nishments on *Avarice*, accounting it destructive to the well Being of *Civil Society*. *Ælian*, * the ancient Greek Historian relates this Story. “ A young Man giving out, that he had bought an Estate very cheap, the Magistrates sent for him, enquired into it, and sentenced him to pay a Fine ; supposing that a Greediness for Gain had set him on to purchase the Land below its Value, and considerably under the Market-Price.”

It is a general Notion, that *Covetousness* and *Prodigality* are directly opposite to each other ; but this is a vulgar Error, and does not always hold good ; for there are some People who are both *Prodigal* and *Covetous* ; and this is often the Character of *Women*, especially those of a superior Rank. For Instance ; some People will get Money, *they don't care how*, only to squander it away in Riot and Debauchery. Those who have either Civil or Military Employments in the Government, are signal Proofs of this. Where

* Book XIV. Ch. 44.

Where can one find more notorious Robbers, than those who are Stewards of the Public Money.* “ Their luxurious Way of Living ; the fine Seats they build ; their Mistresses, and the Grandeur they keep them in ; are so many flagrant Instances. But yet, to make themselves amends, they levy their Extortions on the People with the most oppressive Avarice ; so that *Salust*’s Character of *Cataline* is very applicable to them. *Alieni appetens, sui profusus* ; Sacrificing the Goods of Others, to his own Prodigality.”

C H A P. XVIII.

Of PRIDE and OSTENTATION.

VANITY of Vanities (says Solomon†) all is Vanity. Let us add, with Women, to make the Text more compleat ; I say, with Women, for they

I 3

look

* See, Monsieur Bayle’s *Pensées Diverses*.

† *Ecclesiastes*, Ch. I. v. 2.

look down with Contempt on every Thing in the World : Nothing seems worthy of them ; and this Disposition of Mind is *Pride* with a Witness. *Seraphica* is allowed to be the Original of three Parts in four of her Sex : It may indeed be said, that *all* the Ladies in Town copy from her ; and endeavour to be true Copies of so nice an Original. Such is the Portrait of *Seraphica* ! viz.

“ She looks with Disdain on all who
“ accost her, though they show her the
“ utmost Respect, and her Counte-
“ nance would make us believe, that
“ she is affronted to the Quick, if any
“ one does but presume to speak to
“ her. She twits her Friends in the
“ Teeth with the most insignificant
“ Kindnesses. She gives out every
“ where, that she has done considera-
“ ble good Offices to such and such
“ Persons, who never made the least
“ Acknowledgment of them : But it
“ may justly be retorted upon her, that
“ she makes herself ample Amends, by
“ sounding forth the Trumpet of her
“ own Fame, as the *Epigrammatist* has it,

To

To John I ow'd great Obligation,
But honest John thought fit
To publish it to all the Nation,
So John and I are quit.

P R I O R.

“ She proudly stalks along the
“ Streets, without returning any Salu-
“ tations made to her, or so much as
“ looking on any one. She never stoops
“ to Intreaties, even to those of whom
“ she stands in need ; vainly fancying
“ that every one is bound to consult her
“ Humour, and be subservient to her in
“ all Respects.” This Character makes
her hated in *Holland*, whither she has
lately taken a *Tour* for a little while.
She already finds a thousand Inconve-
niences in this Country, where the very
Steps and Words of a Footman are
fold, and where Money governs despo-
tically. I must say in Justice to the
Dutch Ladies, they do not carry it near
so high as the *French* Ladies ; but
this is rather owing to the thick Air
they breathe, than to any Virtue in
I. 4. them.

them. I could assign several other Reasons for it, which Prudence forbids me to mention.

As for what is called *Ostentation*, the Ladies of both Countries are pretty much upon a Level. Each of them take great Delight in making a Show of their Riches, and of their real or pretended Advantages. In *France*, the Ladies pride themselves in the Accomplishments of their Mind and Body ; whereas, in *Holland*, they seem to overlook these Excellencies, and place all their Glory in the magnificent Pomp of costly Furniture, fine *China*, and rich *Indian* Brocades. In this Respect, both *French* and *Dutch* agree to value themselves extravagantly upon their Riches.

It is but reasonable that the Men should bear their Part in every Chapter of this Work ; which in this, shall be the *Description Theophrastus* has given us of a Man who is governed by *Ostentation*. “ He stops at that Part of the “ *Pyreum*,* where the Merchants ex-
 “ pose

* A very celebrated Port of the City of *Athens*.

“ pose their Goods to Sale, and where
 “ there is the greatest Resort of Stran-
 “ gers. He falls into Discourse with
 “ them, tells them what a vast deal of
 “ Money he has at Sea, talks about the
 “ Advantages of this Way of Trade,
 “ and of the immense Gains which the
 “ Adventurers in it may expect ; but
 “ particularly of those Returns which
 “ he *himself* has made by that Com-
 “ merce.

“ When he is on a Journey, he ac-
 “ costs the first Man he meets, keeps
 “ him Company, and soon lets him
 “ know that he has served under *Alex-*
 “ *ander the Great* ; what rich Vessels,
 “ beset with precious Stones, he has
 “ brought Home from *Asia* ; what in-
 “ genious Workmen they have there ;
 “ and, that the *Europeans* are but meer
 “ Bunglers to them. Another Time he
 “ boasts of a *Letter* he received from
 “ * *Antipater*, informing him, that he
 “ has already waited for him three Days
 “ in *Macedonia*. Again, he will tell
 I 5 “ you,

* One of *Alexander's* Generals.

“ you, that altho’ the Magistrates had
 “ granted him a Privilege for the Expor-
 “ tation of what Timber * he pleased,
 “ *Duty free*, yet to avoid the People’s
 “ Envy, he had waved his Privilege; nay,
 “ what is more, in a Scarcity of Provi-
 “ sions, he has distributed no less than
 “ *Five Talents* † among the poor Citi-
 “ zens of *Athens*. If he talks to Peo-
 “ ple whom he does not know, nor they
 “ him, he gives them Counters to cal-
 “ culate the Number of those to whom
 “ these Largeſſes were given, and al-
 “ tho’ there be fix Hundred of them,
 “ he has ſuitable Names for them all;
 “ and after computing the particular
 “ Sums given to every one, it amounts
 “ to as much again as he thought: So
 “ that *Ten Talents* have been employed
 “ in charitable Donations, without rec-
 “ koning, adds he, the *Gallies* I have
 “ fitted out at my own proper Coſt:
 “ Or

* *Firrs, Cedars*, and all Sorts of *Skip-Timber* being
 very ſcarce in *Aſia*, there was a very high Duty
 laid on the exporting it.

† An *Attick Talent* is 187 l. 10 s. 00 d. *Engliſh*
 Money.

“ Or the *Public Employments* I have gone
 “ thro’, without any Salary or Reward,
 “ wholly at my own Expence. This
 “ vain-glorious Man goes to some no-
 “ ted *Jockey*, orders the best and finest
 “ Horses to be brought out of his Sta-
 “ ble, and cheapens them as if he really
 “ intended to buy them. He is, like-
 “ wise, foremost at all the most noted
 “ Fairs, he runs into the Merchant’s
 “ Tents, orders a very rich Robe of *Ten*
 “ *Talents* Price to be shewn him ; then
 “ goes away, scolding at his Servant
 “ for presuming to follow him without
 “ bringing Money enough abroad to
 “ pay for whatever he might have a
 “ Mind to purchase. In fine, tho’ he
 “ pays Rent for the House he lives in,
 “ he roundly says to every Stranger,
 “ *This is a Family-Seat which fell to me*
 “ *by my Father’s Death, and I am sorry*
 “ *to say, I must part with it, for it is*
 “ *too small, for the great Number of*
 “ *Strangers, Hospitality obliges me to*
 “ *Entertain.*”

C H A P. XIX.

Of CHOLER, or PASSION.

THE *Greeks* have very rightly defined *Passion* to be a *short-lived Madness*. Is not a Man hurried away by this impetuous Vice, exactly like one in a *Frenzy*, wholly deprived of his *Reason*? In his fierce Pursuit of Revenge, he tramples upon Discretion, Clemency, Piety, and every humane Sentiment; no Duty, however indispensable, can retain him; and Things sacred and profane are to him all alike. “Rage, says *Evenus*, is often more dangerous than many other Kinds of *Madness*.* We often repent following the Impulses of *Wrath*, but not till all the *Mischief* is done, and past *Remedy*.” So that *Passion*, of course, excites in us those unjustifiable Resentments which are always spurring us on to Revenge. It is our *depraved Nature* which

* *Sæpè mentem Hominum detexit Ira latentem :
Ira quæ pejor est quandaque Insania.* EVENUS.

which prompts us to these *Excesses*, and without any other Tutors than our own *implacable Wills*, we are never at a Loss to gratify this Vice. It siezes upon us with such a sudden Fury, there is oftentimes no such thing as either suppressing or preventing it. *What will a Man stick at in a Gust of Passion, says Horace? Nothing, tho' ever so flagrant.* “ Nor were the Priests of Cybele, of Apollo, or even of Bacchus, “ filled with blacker Vapours, when “ their God throws them into such “ wild Enthusiasms as quite unhinge “ their Reason, and transport them besides themselves. Nay, the very “ *Corybantes*, who are as mad as any “ other Priests, do not shew a greater “ *Distraction* of Mind, not on those “ Days when they are in the Height “ of their Freaks, and run up and “ down the Streets, continually beating on their Brass Instruments, than “ a Man in a *Passion*.*

Nor

* *Non Dindymene, non Adytis quatit
Mentem Sacerdotum Incola Pythius,
Non Liber aque, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.*

*Nor Fire, nor Sword he fears; nor stormy Seas;
Nor can the Thunderer his Rage appease.**

Some may imagine that *Anger* betokens a *generous Heart*, but it is very far from it; it is rather a *Proof* of our *Frailty*, and I am persuaded that the *Scripture* † in giving the *Pre-eminence* to *Womens Anger*, means that their *Weakness* is greater than that of *Men*.
 “ For the Images of light and lively
 “ Objects move of themselves in *Wo-*
 “ men, and their *Imagination* being
 “ warm and subtile, is easily led a-
 “ way.” Wherefore we must never consult our *Zeal* when it is in a *Ferment*; for our *Reason*, at that *Time*, being *overcast*, it is incapable of forming a right *Judgment* of Things. And this at *School* we learn from a *Distich* of *Cato*, *B. 2. Dist. 5.*

Iratus

** Tristes ut Iræ: quas neque Noricus
Deterret Ensis, nec Mare naufragum,
Nec sævus Ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens Tumultu.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode XVI.

† *Ecc. Ch. xxv.*

*Iratus de Re incerta contendere noli ;
Impedit Ira Animum ne possit cernere verum.*

*Never presume with Anger to Contend,
Passion destroys the Judgment, Reason's Friend.*

If *Wrath*, says *Senault*, were as obstinate as it is sudden, and the Continuance of it like its Heat, what would become of all Mankind ? The World would soon be turned into a Desert. *Nature* could not give us a better Evidence of the Care she has for our Preservation, than in restraining the Bounds of this wildest of our Passions. And since her Love for us induced her to make Monsters barren, and to allow but short Lives to the most furious Beasts ; so dangerous a Vice, as *Wrath*, ought to have but a very short Duration ; yet, short as it is, it brings forth innumerable Mischiefs. It vigorously employs the few Moments allowed by Nature, and makes a sad Havock for the Time it lasts. For besides, that it *barrows up the very Soul*, as *Shakespear* observes, makes us change Colour, seems
to

to sport with our *Blood* ; *first* draws it all to the Heart, *then* throws it up again into the Face, enflames the Eyes, puts Oaths and Threats into the Mouth, and every Thing is a Weapon that comes to Hand. Its Effects in the World are still much more strange and terrible ; for it has turned it upside down, a thousand Times since its first *Creation*. Every Province has been a miserable Scene of its Ravages, and there is not a Nation but still laments its Fury. Those Ruins which formerly were the Foundations of some flourishing City, are so many dismal Monuments of this outrageous Crime. Those great Monarchies to whom all Nations, in ancient Times submitted ; and of whom, at present, we have no Knowledge but in History, complain much louder against *Wrath* than *Fortune*. Those illustrious Princes, whose Glories now lie buried in the Dust, sigh in their Tombs, and impute all the Ruin of their Dominions, and the Loss of their Lives, to ungovernable Rage alone. Some have been murdered in
their

their Beds ; others, like Victims, have been slain at the Altar. A miserable Death hath found its Way to some in the Midst of their Armies ; nor could all the Squadrons and Battalions which surrounded them, ward off the fatal Dart. Some have lost their Lives on their very Thrones, by hardened Rufians, whom even that Lustre of Majesty, which shines in the Face of *Kings*, could not awe. Some have seen their own Children make Attempts upon their Lives ; and others have fell ignobly by the Hands of their Slaves. Yet all these ill-fated Princes overlook the Parricides, and complain only of *Passion* ; they forget all their particular Calamities, to exclaim against that *Madness* which is the fruitful and accursed Cause of these Disasters.*

Were

* *Aspice nobilissimarum Civitatum Fundamenta vix notabilia : has Ira dejecit. Aspice Solitudines sine Habitatione desertas : has Ira exhaustit. Aspice tot memoria proditos Duces mali Exempla Fati. Alium Ira in suo cubili confodit, alium inter Sacra Mensa percussit, alium Filii Parricidio dare Sanguinem jussit. Seneca de I R A. L. I. C. 2.*

Were I inclined to enter upon a *defamatory History of Women*, and to recount all the Murders, Poisonings, &c. they have brought about, the *Vatican* † would not hold the Volumes. But, without being more severe, it is enough for me that I can say, and I have *Scripture* for my *Warrant*, that as shocking as these Excesses are, *Wrath* has instigated *Women*, to commit others still much more execrable. What other *Crime*, than *Passion*, could transport a Mother to such a Pitch of Barbarity, as to deprive an Infant of that Life she had just given it? It was the chief *Request* of *Libanus* to the Gods, that he might be able to master his *Passion*, and it was a wise one. As for us, who enjoy the salutary *Light* of the *Gospel*, we should never cease from imploring the Assistance of the Divine *Grace*, that we may be so circumspect in our Behaviour, as never to give Way to the impetuous Sallies of implacable *Wrath*.

But, say the Ladies, who naturally delight in Equivocation, Is it not written

† A celebrated Library at Rome.

ten in Scripture, *Be angry and Sin not ?* Now this shows that *Wrath* is not so hideous a Crime as you represent it. How rarely might one *Comment* on these *Words*, in a Theological Disputation. I could bring, *perhaps*, some weighty Proofs, that the *true* Sense of this Passage is, that if it were possible to be *Angry* without *Sinning*, it were *Lawful* to be *so*. A very notable Discovery ! but I adhere to the common Notion, and acknowledge, that the *Holy Ghost* enjoins us to be *Angry with our Vices*, and to be inflamed with a godly Zeal in the Extirpation of all our wicked *Habitudes*. But in all other Concerns, we cannot be too careful of flying into a *Passion*; for when Anger is uppermost, nothing is done as it should be. This *Truth* is most excellently confirmed by *Cicero* in his *Offices*. *Ira praeul absit, cum quâ nihil rectè fieri, nihil consideratè potest.*

I shall close what the *Chevalier* PLANTE AMOUR has laid down in this Chapter,

ter, with Mr. Rowe's fine Description of the Impetuosity of *Female Passion*.

*How fierce a Fiend is Passion! With what Wildness,
What Tyranny untam'd it reigns in Woman!
Unhappy Sex! whose easy yielding Temper
Gives Way to every Appetite alike;
Each Gust of Inclination, uncontroul'd,
Sweeps thro' their Souls, and sets them in an Uproar;
Each Motion of the Heart rises to Fury,
And Love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage
As terrible as Hate, and as destructive.*

*So the Wind roars o'er the wide fenceless Ocean,
And heaves the Billows of the boiling Deep;
Alike from North, from South, from East, from
West,
With equal Force the Tempest blows by Turns
From every Corner of the Seamen's Compass. **

* See, *The Tragedy of JANE SHORE*. Act the 2d.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

Being, A

DISSERTATION on ADULTERY.

*Facunda Culpæ Secula Nuptias
Primum inquinavêre, & Genus & Domos :
Hoc Fonte derivata Clades
In Patriam Populumque flexit.*

HOR. Lib. 3. Ode VI.

— *Those flagitious Times,
Pregnant with unknown Crimes,
Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed ;
From which polluted Head
Infectious Streams of crouding Sins began,
And thro' the spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.*
E. of Roscom. Translat.

THE *Laws of Nature*, as well as the *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil* Institutions which relate to this *Crime* of ADULTERY, have been much more favourable to MEN than WOMEN. For Instance ; it is evidently contrary to the *Law of Nature*, that one Woman should
Copulate

Copulate with several Men; whereas, among many Nations, and even among the *Ancient JEWS*, one Man was permitted the *Converse* of several Women. But if, on one Side, the *Laws* favour us Men a little, this *Indulgence* seems to be over-balanced by the *Disgrace* which the *Intrigues* of our *Wives* bring upon us: Our *Foreheads* suffer by their *unlawful Pleasures*, but their Honour and Reputation is never the worse for our *Amours*. This is to me an unaccountable *Whim*; but, since *Custom* will have it so, should I pretend to moralise upon it, I might only be laughed at for my Pains. Yet I must not omit, that *Antiquity* is against this *Custom*. It appears that formerly they did not stand much upon what their *Wives* did. The *Husbands* of those Times, good-natured, contented *Cuckolds*, could *patiently* behold them in the Embraces of their Gallants. But hear JUVENAL, Sat. I.

*With what Impatience must the Muse behold
The Wife, by her procuring Husband sold!
For tho' the Law makes null th' Adulterer's Deed
Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may succeed;*

Who

Knowing WOMEN. 191

*Who his taught Eyes up to the Ceiling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakful Nose.*

DRYDEN.

The *Satirist* asks this *Question*, and proceeds, *viz.*

Think'st thou one MAN is for one WOMAN meant?

She sooner with one EYE would be content.

There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught;

Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.

Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear;

And think no Pleasure can be bought too dear.

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold:

But Womankind in Ills is ever bold.

She writes Love-Letters to the Youth in Grace;

Nay, tips the Wink before the Cuckold's Face.

Now, should I sing what Poisons they provide,

With all their Trumpery of Charms beside;

And all their Arts of Death; it would be known,

LUST is the smallest Sin, the Sex can own.

DRYDEN.

The modern *Juvenal*, Dr. Young, thus comments on the *Text*.

Our Matrons lead such exemplary Lives,

Men sigh in vain for none but for their Wives;

Who marry to be free, to range the more,

And wed one Man to wanton with a Score.

Univ. Passon. SAT. VI.

It

It must indeed be confessed, that how great soever the *Power of Husbands* is over their *Wives*, they act very wisely in not always exerting it: Because thro' a prevalent *Custom*, which the *Men* themselves have encouraged, they cannot put it in Execution without the *Woman's* Consent. This is just such a *precarious* Power as *Tacitus* calls the Power of *Princes* who are grown *Old*, and are no longer *Lords*, than while no Body cares to *Lord* it over them; and who cannot *Govern* but when no one else will *Govern* in their stead. *Moliere* was perfectly in the Right, when he said,

*Sure Cuckoldom is not so great a Curse,
Our Leg's no bandier, nor our Shape no worse.**

In short, there is no Quality more necessary in a *Husband*, than an intire Indifference as to his *Wife's* Behaviour. This our Countryman *Prior* judiciously mollifies, in his Instructions between *Man* and *Wife*, viz.

*Be to her Virtues very kind,
Be to her Faults a little blind.*

* *Quel Mal cela fait il? La Jambe en devient elle
Plus tortuë après tout, & la Taille moins belle?*

Marriage

Marriage does not always appear best in *open Day* : Like *Painting*, it admits of Lights and Shades ; or rather, as the Poet says,

An Universal Darkness best succeeds.

It is very plain, since the *Christian* Institution, that Mankind are deprived of the Privilege they before enjoyed. Otherwise *Polygamy* would continue to be the universal Practice. For, as a noted Prelate of the Church of *England** has observed, *the Case of Mankind, since the Fall, varies very much from what it was in Innocency. Before the Flood, says he, " We find Lamech a " Polygamist ; such were Abraham and " Jacob after it ; and this Polygamy was " practised, without either Allowance " or Controul, as the natural Right of*

* Dr. GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of *Salisbury* : From whose *Manuscripts* have been lately published, *Two Dissertations. I. Proving, That Polygamy is not forbidden by the Gospel ; but, in Case of Barrenness is still lawful. II. Proving, That Barrenness is a sufficient Cause of Divorce. These were written against King CHARLES II's Queen Catherine.*

K

" Mankind ;

“ Mankind; neither is it any where
 “ marked among the *Blemishes* of the
 “ Patriarchs; *David's Wives* (and store
 “ of them he had) are termed by the
 “ Prophet, *GOD's Gift to him.*” And
 this learned *Casuiſt* farther remarks, in
 Opposition to the *Civilians*, that, “ a
 “ *ſingle Marriage* being next to none at
 “ all, is certainly moſt ſuitable to the
 “ *Gospel*; but a ſimple and expreſs Diſ-
 “ charge of *Polygamy* is no where to
 “ be found, even under the *Gospel.*” He
 confirms his Sentiments by this Argu-
 ment, that, “ what *God* made *neceſſary*
 “ in *ſome* Caſes, to *any* Degree, can in
 “ *no* Caſe be *ſinful* in it ſelf, ſince
 “ *God* is *Holy* in *all* his Ways.”

But, under the *Gospel* Diſpenſation,
 every Man who *converſes* with a Girl
 at her own Diſpoſal, *sui Juris*, as the
Civilians phraſe it, is an *Adulterer*. And
 I own, that the great Numbers of the
Guilty, of both Sexes, are what makes
 this *Crime* go ſo much unpuniſhed. But,
 the *Laws* which decree thoſe *Puniſh-
 ments* againſt it are not the leſs *juſt*.
 Impunity, tho' it protects us from any
 public

public Shame, yet does not acquit us, in *Foro Conscientiæ*.

Let us next inquire into the Notions of the *Heathens*, as to this *Point*; and among them we shall find that the *Poets*, the *Philosophers*, and the *Legislators*, are, *one and all*, against *Adultery*. This we shall prove out of their own Writings.

I. *Bellerophon* is commended, by *Homer*, for honourably *withstanding* the *lascivious Inticements* of *Antea*.*

II. To *invade* one's Neighbour's *Bed* was not reputed an honourable *Act* of *Gallantry* in those Times, and it would have been to no Purpose for the *Women* to have begun and pushed on the Courtship. The *Ancients* held *Chastity* in such high Esteem, that the loftiest Praises have been bestowed on *Hippolitus* on Account of this *Virtue*. *Medea* asks *Jason*, who had broke his Faith to her; "Whether he believes the Gods to have no longer any Power, or fondly imagines, that the *Old Laws* were

* I L I A D, Book VI.

"changed?" An *honest* Man, according to *Menander*, must not *corrupt Virgins*, nor *commit Adultery*.

III. *Phædra's* Nurse strives, by all Means, to expel the *unnatural* Passion which raged in the Breast of that unhappy *Princess*; and *Phædra* her self is sensible of her Guilt.

IV. *Pythagoras* recommended to *Husbands* to abstain from all other *Women* but their *Wives*; and his *Admonitions* made such Impression upon the *Crotomatians*, that, immediately after hearing them, they parted from their *Concubines*.

V. The Divine *Plato* accuses *Adultery* of *Injustice*; and *Aristotle* wished, that they who committed it, might be branded with a Mark of Infamy. The *Stoicks*, nay, the *Epicureans* themselves prohibited *Adultery*.

VI. *Seneca* lays it down, that one ought not to give Money to a *Man*, who we know will only make a *Present* of it

it to a *Woman* with whom he has an *Intrigue*; it is his farther Opinion, that the Observance of *Conjugal Affection* is as binding to the *Husbands* as the *Wives*.

VII. The *History* of *Lucretia* is an Instance, how much *Adultery* was detested in those early Times. It is said, that after *Tarquin* had perpetrated, by Violence, his Brutality upon her, she sent for her *Husband*, who when he came, asked after her *Health*: She sorrowfully answered; "What *Health* can " be expected from a *Woman* who has " *lost her Chastity*?" But, to this, replies the Author from whom I borrow this *Heathen Morality*,* *she wronged her self mightily, to think she was any wise in Fault, when this Adulterous Violence was acted utterly against her Consent.*

To speak freely, I should be very apt to believe that *Lucretia* had betrayed a *Secret* by her Answer, and that she would never have acquainted her *Husband* with this *shocking Adventure*,

* *L'Histoire de la Philosophie Payenne. Tom. II.*

had she not thought it the prudentest Way to anticipate the Indiscretion of *Tarquin*, who, being pretty much of the same Make with our modern *Mar-Plots*, she apprehended, would himself, sooner or later, have made his public Boast of his having obtained her *last Favour*, and then she must undergo the Shame of having her pretended Chastity exposed to all the World, as no other than merely the Effect of the most artful Policy and a well-managed *Hypocrisy*. For, *The Scandalous Chronicle* says, that *Lucretia* had given her self up to *Tarquin* more than once. But as I never attended these two Lovers in *Mercury's Post*, nor ever assumed it on any other Occasion, this comes in only by Way of *Parentthesis*. I cannot precisely say, whether this be *Slander* or *Calumny*. But to resume my Subject, they who readily committed *simple Fornication*, would have scrupled to cohabit with *Married Women*. *Plutarch* relates something like this of *Alexander the Great*. "A young *Prostitute* being brought to him, very late one
" Night,

“ Night, in order to lie with him, he
 “ asked her ; Why she came at such
 “ an unseasonable Hour ? She answer-
 “ ed ; that she staid till her *Husband*
 “ was gone to Bed ; upon which he se-
 “ verely checked his Attendants ; for,
 “ said he, I was upon the Brink of com-
 “ mitting *Adultery*.

Plutarch farther relates, that *Alex-
 ander* would not pay a Visit to *Darius's*
 Wife, tho' they told him she was a very
 fine young Lady ; but he went to see
 the good old Gentlewoman, her Mo-
 ther, in her stead. How different is
 this Conduct from the Gallants of the
 present Age ! who reckon a Man's *Wife*
 the most delicious *Game* ; and as for
Virgins, they run into their Chambers
 before they are up in a Morning. And
 this our modern *Ladies* Countenance !

*Acquainted with the World, and quite well-bred,
 Drusa receives her Visitants in Bed.
 But chaste as Ice, this Vesta to defy
 The very blackest Tongue of Calumny,
 When from her Sheets her lovely Form she lifts,
 She begs, you just would turn you, while she shifts.**

K 4

Let

* See, *Dr. Young's Univ. Pass. SAT. VI.*

Let us by no means omit the valuable Opinion of *Horace*, on the Subject now in Debate ; his Authority is of so much the more Weight, as he himself carried on an *Adulterous* Amour with a *Tuscan's* Wife. To deter honest Men from this *Crime*, he paints, in the most lively Colours, the Dangers we are liable to, in visiting a Neighbour's *Wife*. He recites the Troubles and Perplexities which surround us, and freely declares, that *the Pleasures we seek after, tho' very difficultly obtained, are infinitely over-loaded by the Anxiety which attends them.* And I hope it will be observed, that this worthy Gentleman talks by *Experience* ;

Now you who wish these base Adulterers Ill,
 And Punishment as bad as is their will ;
 Must needs be pleas'd to hear my Muse explain,
 What small Delight they with great Danger gain,
 And how their Pleasure's sadly mix'd with Pain : }
 For one, found faulty with another's Wife,
 Must from a Window leap to save his Life :
 Another's finely kick'd, and jilted too,
 Or, taken, bribes the Slaves to let him go :
 Another's kick'd into the Common-shore,
 There stifled, and a thousand Mischiefs more.
 Another's Gelt, his dancing Days are gone,
 And all, but Galba, say 'twas justly done.

CREECH.

It

It is no Wonder this good-natured Spark compassionated the Sufferings of his Brethren; for as he was an *Adulterer*, in the Superlative Degree, he could not bear, that those who had the same *fine Taste* with himself should be so cruelly handled, which made him always a zealous Stickler in their Behalf. It may be, he had undergone the Misfortune which *Horace* mentions; for the Husbands used often to revenge themselves in such a Manner. *Plautus* * alludes to this noble Custom, by introducing *Synerastus*, a Foot-man, saying,

SYN. *Facio quod manifesto Mœchi haud fermè solent.*

MI. *Quid id est?* SYN. *Refero Vasa salva.*

SYN. I do, what your Men of *Intrigue* sometimes fail of doing.

MI. Pray, what is that?

SYN. I bring my Utenfils safe home again.

K 5

Monf.

* *Pœnulus*, *Comœdia*. ACT IV. Scene 2d.

Monf. *Dacier* observes, upon this Place, that if *Horace*, to dissuade Persons from *Adultery*, only sets before them the Difficulties they meet with in these arduous Pursuits, and the Dangers which almost universally attend them, it is not for want of Reasons of a more cogent Nature ; for he very well knew, that it was a *Crime* which the offended GODS would surely punish, as appears from several *Passages* in his ODES.*

But

The marry'd Dame her Lust improves,
By Practice of Adult'rous Loves, &c.*

Roscom. Hor. B. III. Ode VI.

* Nay, *Horace* is so honest a *Casuis*t, that to a Girl whom he thinks but indifferently served by her Husband, he gives the following Advice, which is humorously translated by Mr. *Stepney*, viz.

What, tho' a *Eunuch* cannot be
A colder Cavalier than He

In all your Love-Adventures :

Yet, pray do you, dear *Molly*, take
Some *Christian* Care, and do not break
Your Conjugal Indentures.

Bellair !

But, he probably thought, these Reasons would weigh very little with the *Romans*, whereas their present Safety would induce them to pay a Regard to the *others*. The *Law of Nature* had imprinted in the *Gentiles* a great Abhorrence of this *Crime*, long before the *Mosaic* Institution. We have a remarkable Instance of it in the *Life of Abraham*. “ When he went to *Gerara*, in “ *Arabia-Petrea*, where *Abimelech* was “ King, he gave out; that *Sarah* was “ his Sister. *Abimelech* sent to bring a- “ way *Sarah*; but *GOD* appeared to
K 6 “ him.

Bellair ! who does not *Bellair* know ?
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out *he loves you dearly* :
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And soft Impertinence and Noise,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

But, pretty *Turtle*, when the Blade
Shall come, with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from your Window rate him :
Tho', if Reproof will not prevail,
And he should but pretend to scale,
Discharge the *Jordan* at him.

“ him in a Dream, warning him, that
 “ he should die, in that he had taken
 “ the Wife of *Abraham* from her Hus-
 “ band. *Abimelech* pleads Ignorance,
 “ protesting, that he did this Action in
 “ the Simplicity of his Heart, and the
 “ Purity of his Hands. The next Day,
 “ having sent for *Abraham*, he asked
 “ him, *What have you done with us ?*
 “ *And what had we done against you, that*
 “ *you would have drawn on me and my*
 “ *Kingdom the Punishment of so great a*
 “ *Guilt.*” This evinces, adds *Monf.*
Dacier, that if the *Gentiles* carried their
 Detestation of *Adultery* so far as to pu-
 nish it with *Fire*, yet they accounted
 simple *Fornication* lawful. Likewise,
 in the same Book of *Genesis*, *Juda* makes
 not the least Scruple of renewing his
 Love with *Thamar*, whom he knew
 to be a Harlot. The like Notions
 have been kept up among the *Hea-*
thens. *Cato*, in the *Satire* of *Horace*
 above-cited, and *Mitio* in *Terence*, as
Grotius observes, had the same free
 Way of Thinking ; for the Law of Na-
 ture was become vitiated and almost ef-
 faced.

faced. It is true, some of the wiser *Heathens* have always adhered to it, and judged simple *Fornication* to be a *Crime*, as it was contrary to the exprefs *Command* of G O D. But as these wise *Heathens* were but a Handful, and the *Licentiousness* was almost general, it was requisite, that the *Law* of the *Gospel* should restore the decayed *Law* of *Nature*, by prohibiting *Fornication*; wherefore the *Apostles* (*Acts*, Ch. xv.) and the *Assembly* of the whole *Church*, charge the *Gentiles* of *Antioch*, *Syria* and *Cilicia*, among other Things, to *abstain* from *Fornication*.

Husbands of old Time retained a good Opinion of their *Wives* Virtue, when the Children were like their presumptive Fathers; nay, this *Likeness* was esteemed so infallible an Indication of the Childrens Legitimacy, that those Infants who had not this *Likeness*, were suspected to be *Illegitimate*. And this Notion was of a very ancient Date; for *Hesiod* himself places it among the *Felicities* of good Men, *that their Wives bear Children which are like them*. This made *Theocritus* say, That

*That Female, whose Affection does not pant
After her Husband, must have a Gallant.*

But, adds he, the Children are very easily known; for they are never like their Father. Also *Catullus* sends a Wish to *Manlius*, that *the Child his Wife went with, might be known to be his, by its Likeness to Him; and that he might wear in his Face the manifest Tokens of his Mother's Chastity, viz.*

Et Pudicitiam suæ Matris indicet Ore.

This gave Rise to a Custom, still kept up among some *Africans* with whom *Women* are used in common, of assigning the *Children* as the *Property* of those *Parents* they were most like. But these *Marks* have long since been made appear to be very fallacious, as *Physicians*, from *natural Causes*, have demonstrated; but I cannot tell, says *Monf. Dacier*, whether the Condition of *Women* now-a-days is much bettered by it, or not: For if, on one Hand, the World does not judge the harder of a
Woman;

Woman, when her *Children* are not in the least like her *Husband* ; so, on the other, if they are the very *Pictures* of him, the Public does not judge the more favourably of her.

In the Time of *Augustus*, there was a Peasant so very like the Emperor, that every Body took Notice of him ; and *Augustus* himself desired to see him. Upon his being introduced, the Emperor was surprised to behold his very Picture, and asked him, if his Mother was ever at *Rome* ? The Peasant smelling the Emperor's Meaning, turned the Jest upon him, and made Answer ; No, Sir, but my Father has been very often here.

From this wrong Principle sprung *Jealousy*, with which, nevertheless they were not near so much pestered in former Times as in ours : But they who were troubled with this Distemper, ran into severe and incredible Precautions against Strangers carrying on Intrigues with their Wives. They used to set Guards, or Spies over them, with which *Ovid* reproaches a jealous-pated Coxcomb.

comb. *Cruel Husband*, says he, *how could you put your tender Spouse under a Guard?* * The Ladies of Quality never stirred abroad but in *Chairs*, which were properly called *Lecticæ*, and were close and glazed. This Invention of the *Chairs*, soon made Way for that of *Litters*, which differed in nothing from the *Chairs*, only that *one* were carried by *Men*, and the *other* by *Mules*. These *Litters* are fully described in an old *Epigram*, which at the same Time shews us, that Ladies of Quality were carried about the Streets in them.

*Aurea Matronas claudit basterna pudicas,
Quæ radians latum gestat utrumque latus.
Hanc geminus portat duplici sub robore burdo
Provehit, & modico pendula septa Gradu:
Provisum est cautè, ne per loca publica pergens
Fucetur visis casta Marita viris.*

*Litters emboss'd with glitt'ring Works of Gold,
And glaz'd, the honourable Matrons hold.*

Strength-

* *Dure Vir imposito teneræ Custode Puella, &c.*
Amor. l. 3. El. IV.

Vex not thy self, and her, vain Man, since all,
By their own Vice, or Virtue, stand or fall.

SEDLEY.

*Strengthened with Shafts the moving Closets hung,
And two slow Mules draw the chaste Dame along,
A needful Safeguard! lest some rakish Blade
Should dare her spotless Honour to invade.*

The Ladies had also a *Chamber-Chair*, close and glazed, wherein they used to shut themselves up, and work and talk to their Visitants. Suetonius calls this Chair *Lecticulum Lucubratorium*, when he tells us, that *Augustus* was wont, after Supper, to retire into such a *Chair* to write: The Inference from whence shews, that in all Ages there have been *Men* who had but a slender Opinion of *Women's* Virtue; and as a full Proof of this, it suffices to observe, that the greatest Part of the *Ancients* attributed the Discretion of the *Fair Sex* absolutely to the Niggardliness of their *Lovers*. For it cannot properly be said, that the Fear of Punishment kept the *Women* chaste before the *Julian* Law; since, till then, the *Husband* was not impowered to kill his *Wife* when he surprised her in the *Act* of *Adultery*, unless it was with a *Freed-Man*, a *Slave*,

or

or a *Player* ; but in all Cases he might kill the *Adulterer* : He was, it seems, allowed a greater Power over the Cuckold-making *Gallant* than over his own *Wife*.

The Frailty of the *Fair Sex* was as well known then, as now, and how easily they yield to the Addresses of a handsome young Cavalier : But no Punishment can be too severe for those mean-spirited *Women* who could prostitute themselves to Slaves, and such base Stallions, only for the Sake of the promising Strength of their Backs. There are some of our modern *Ladies*, who have as vile a *Taste* as those whom *Petronius* takes Notice of, who are excessively fond of *Prize-Fighters*, dirty *Hackney Coachmen*, *Rope-Dancers*, and other such *Theatrical* Scoundrels : So true is it, that all the Reservedness the *Women* at that Time were Mistresses of, could not withhold them from injuring their Husbands, and giving themselves up to the most libidinous Excesses. I need not ransack the *Tragedies* of the *Ancients*, nor give a *List* of all those celebrated

lebrated *Names* which are upon Record so many Ages since. The bare telling the Story of the *Ephesian Matron* puts it out of all Dispute. *Ab unâ disce omnes.*

This most inconsolable Widow was so overwhelmed with Grief, for the Loss of her dear Spouse departed, that all Funeral Rites were neglected, and nothing less than Famine and Affliction were to end her Days ; and that too, even in the very Tomb wherein her dead Husband's Body lay deposited.

*But mark the Firmness of a Female Vow :
Frailty, thy Name is WOMAN !*

A Sentinel being appointed to watch the Bodies of three Criminals, crucified near this *Cave of Sorrow*, leaves his Charge to comfort the *Widow*. Our Military Hero was greatly shocked at the Interview ; finding only, in this *Chamber of Death*, the *Object of Grief*, upon whose Coffin stood a Lamp which a faithful *Maid* recruited, as often as the Tears of her *Mistress* had almost extinguished

paused a While, and our *Soldier* gained his *Point* ; for,

*In Spite of all the Virtue they can boast,
The Woman who deliberates, is lost.*

GARTH.

*He, doubly to her Heart's Content,
Refresh'd the Mournful Fair : ———*

But, next behold !

*As Grief and Joy alternate take their round,
Now Sorrow to the Son of Mars succeeds.*

Returning to his *Post*, after this Repast of *Venus*, it proved neither *better* nor *worse*, than that one of the *Criminals* whom he had in *Ward*, had been carried off the *Premises* ; doubtless by his *Friends* or *Relative*. The *Soldier* knew his *Life* must be the *Forfeit* ; therefore, to avoid the Ceremony of a *Court-Martial*, he drew his *Sword*, resolving to be his own *Executioner*, and only desired her to let,

One *Tomb* the *Lover* and the *Husband* hold ! No, no, my *Dearest* ; it is my *Turn* to condole now, replied this ever-memorable

nable *Matron*, as the *Wench* said, let one *Lump* of *Clay* supply the Place of another. Pray bear my Husband's Body to the Cross; for, you have fully convinced me, that a Living Dog is much better than a Dead Lyon.

The *Lover* soon put his *Mistress's* ingenious Project in Execution, and the next Day every one was in the greatest Surprise, by what Means the dead Criminal took his Place upon the Cross again.

Thus stands this famous Story on Record. Therefore to proceed :

All the Sin there is in *Adultery*, if we will believe the famous *St. Austin* himself, consists in the Desire of a Carnal Commerce. Upon which *Monf. Barbeyrac* very judiciously observes; “ That the
 “ Desire of lying with a Woman, not
 “ for the Sake of sleeping by her, can
 “ be morally evil only upon two Ac-
 “ counts; either because the Desire of
 “ cohabiting with a Woman is, in its very
 “ Nature, evil, or because this Desire
 “ is lawful with respect to some particu-
 “ lar Women only. If, continues he,
 “ the

“ the *former* is asserted, then it will be
“ a *Sin* in a *Husband* to desire to cohabit
“ with his own *Wife*; and *Marriage* be-
“ comes a State of *habitual Sin*: If one
“ keeps only to the *latter*, as needs must
“ be, then some Reason must be given
“ why it is allowable to gratify this
“ *natural Desire*, and in itself *innocent*,
“ with ones own *Wife*, but not with
“ the *Wife* of any other *Man*.” Now
St. *Austin* says not a Word on this Point.
And St. *Ambrose* likewise seems not to be
over-rigid in his *Morality*; for as he ex-
plains himself on the Head of *Adultery*, it
cannot be deemed to have been *always*
criminal. This learned Father flatly
says, that, before the *Law* of *Moses* and
the *Gospel*, *Adultery* was not prohibited.
By expressing himself in this Manner,
he meant to justify the *Commerce* which
Abraham had with his Maid *Hagar*;
and these are his very Words concern-
ing it. First let us consider, that
Abraham lived before both *Moses* and
the *Gospel*: In which Times it does not
appear that *Adultery* was prohibited.
The Punishment of a Crime can only
take

take Place after the *Law* which prohibits it: None can be condemned as *Guilty* before the *Law*, but since it was made, and by Virtue of such *Law*. Therefore *Abraham* did not transgress the *Law*, but he anticipated it. God, indeed had commanded *Marriage* in the *Terrestrial Paradise*, but he had not condemned *Adultery*. For as he does not desire the *Death of a Sinner*, he promises the *Rewards*, but does not exact any *Punishment*; for he chuses rather to win by *Mildness* than terrify by *Severity*. You have *sinned*, when you was only a *Gentile*: you are excuseable; have you conformed to the Church? Have you heard the *Law*? *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*. Then are you utterly without *Excuse*. A little farther in the same *Chapter*, after speaking of the *Allegory* of the *Two Covenants*, which, according to *St. Paul*, are represented by the Descendants of *Isaac* and *Esau*, our Doctor adds, speaking of *Abraham's* cohabiting with *Hagar*. "What you think is a *Sin*, you see, is only a *Mystery*; by which the Things which were to happen in the latter

“ latter Times were revealed. We
 “ ought therefore to acknowledge, that
 “ those things which happened figura-
 “ tively to the *Fathers*, were not cri-
 “ minal in *them*, but will be imputed
 “ to *us* as such, if we will not attend
 “ to what has been written for our *A-*
 “ *mendment*, &c.” Any one who can
 read and does not hoodwink himself,
 will find by these Passages that St. *Am-*
brose looks upon the *Commerce* in
 Question to be an actual *Adultery*, and yet
 he does not arraign it as any way *crimi-*
nal, because GOD had not forbid *Adul-*
tery in the Terrestrial *Paradise*, nor af-
 terwards, till the Law of *Moses*. And
 he accounts this *Adultery* so much the
 more innocent in the *Patriarch*, in that
 it was the Spring of a Type of what
 was to happen under the *Gospel*.* Nei-
 ther can we in the least discover that
Abraham ever repented of this Proce-
 dure. Nevertheless, in the same Chap-

* Barbeyrac, *Traité d la Morale des Peres*. Ch.
 XII. This *Piece*, concerning *The Morality* of the *Fa-*
thers is translated into *Enolish*.

ter, from whence the *two* foregoing Passages are taken, St. *Ambrose* does not seem to be quite of a Piece with himself. Hear him.—“*Tho’ Pharaoh*
 “ was of a wild and barbarous Nation,
 “ an *Egyptian*, he shewed (in speaking
 “ thus to *Abraham*, Why did you not tell
 “ me that *Sarah* is your *Wife*, &c.) that
 “ even *Strangers* and *Barbarians* pay
 “ a Regard to *Chastity*, and think them-
 “ selves bound to forbear *Adultery*. Is
 “ it a Wonder that a Barbarian should
 “ be acquainted with the *Law* of Na-
 “ ture? Among the lawless *Beasts*,
 “ there are some which not only keep
 “ themselves faithful to their *Mates*,
 “ but what is still more, never *copulate*
 “ but *once*, as it were out of *Chastity* ;
 “ so that the *Law* of *Nature* is of great-
 “ er Force than the *written Laws*, &c.”
 The Morality of St. *Ambrose* must nevertheless be allowed to be very just, if one considers that all the Difficulty lies in the Word, *Adultery*, which this reverend Father makes Use of to signify.
 1. The Commerce of *Abraham* with *Ha-*
gar,

gar, tho' it was no *Adultery*, till the *Law of Moses*. 2. A real *Adultery*, properly so called, which is, when a married *Man* cohabits with a married *Woman*. *Adultery* taken in the *latter* Sense, is, in Effect, a very enormous Crime, and has been reputed such in all Ages; as appears from the Opinions of the *Heathen Poets* and *Philosophers* above-recited. But if taken in the *former* Sense, it is not to be denied, but that, in the Infancy of the World, *Men* might cohabit with other *Women* besides their own lawful *Wives*, without any Breach of the *Laws* of God or *Nature*. Nor is it necessary, in order to justify this Action of *Abraham's*, to say, with *St. Austin*, that *Sarah*, by the Right she had over her Husband's Body, might compel him to take *Agar* to Wife; and that thus she exacted her Due from him, making Use of her Right in the Womb of another *Woman*. In another Place this Father asks the following Question, *Whether a married Man, without incurring the Guilt of Fornication, can know*

another Woman who is not married, or separated from her Husband, tho' it be with the Allowance of his Wife upon Account of her being barren, or refusing him Conjugal Duty. I have already said, that there was no Harm in this, before the *Law of Moses*; but under the *Gospel* *St. Austin* very rightly gives it in the *Negative*. Otherwise, adds he, it must be granted, that a *Woman*, with her *Husband's* Leave, may *cohabit* with another *Man*, which every Body declares against.

In Effect, Self-love, Policy, the first Principles of Religion, and all Kinds of Reason concur to make the Commission of *Adultery* by a *Woman* to be deemed a Crime of the deepest Dye. All Nations have held it in Abhorrence. The *Lacedæmonians* were for making no *Law* against this Crime, because they could not imagine that ever any one would be guilty of it. The *Laws* in most other Countries inflicted very severe Punishments on the Violaters of the Marriage-Bed. The *Adulterer* was to receive a Thousand Stripes, and the
Adul-

Adulteress to have her Nose cut off. *Draco*, and the *Julian Law* among the *Romans*, condemned them to be put to Death. It is very true, that these Matters were almost overlooked, and this Law but slackly executed; yet it shews, at least, that being published by an Emperor who made a Practise of the *Crime* which his own *Law* so severely prohibited, it shews, I say, that this lascivious Prince had not been able to choak the Seeds of Virtue, nor quell the Stings of Remorse, which were perpetually galling his Conscience with his enormous Guilt in contaminating other Mens Wives.

Before the *Julian Law* against *Adultery*, it was no strange Thing, at *Rome*, for Husbands to assign over to others their *Right* over their *Wives*. It is sufficient to quote the Example of one of the greatest Men the World has produced, I mean the virtuous *Cato*.

The famous Orator *Hortensius* went to see him one Day, desiring him to deliver up, to him, his Daughter *Portia*,
L 3 who

who was married to *Bibulus*, by whom she had two Children. “ I ask her of you
“ (*says he*) as a fruitful, productive Soil,
“ wherein I may sow Children. Doubt-
“ less this seems a very odd Proposal
“ to you ; but you who judge so right-
“ ly of every Thing, will immediately
“ agree, that it is highly praise-worthy
“ and advantageous, that the fruitful
“ *Field* of a young Woman, which
“ might bring forth Subjects for the
“ Common-Wealth, should not lie *fal-*
“ *low* ; and on the other Hand, that
“ a Family whose Income might prove
“ too narrow for her future Pregnancy,
“ should not be over-burdened with
“ Children. • Besides (*continued he*) this
“ mutual Communication of Women
“ among honest People, causes a Circu-
“ lation of Virtue, and diffuses it thro’
“ a greater Number of Families, and
“ at the same Time adds to the Allian-
“ ces among Citizens, who cannot be
“ too closely cemented together.— I
“ am indeed apprehensive (*continued*
“ *Hortensius*) that *Bibulus*, being ina-
“ moured

“ moured with *Portia*, will be very
 “ loth to part with her for ever. But
 “ I asked her only by Way of Loan ;
 “ I purpose to restore her to him, when
 “ I shall have made Use of her, and
 “ have Children by her, which will
 “ strengthen the agreeable Ties of that
 “ constant Friendship which has so long
 “ since subsisted betwixt *Yourself*, *Bibu-*
 “ *lus* and *Me*.”

History * is silent as to what obstructed this Proposal ; it only informs us, that *Cato* did not think fit to break the Matter to either of the Parties concerned. Perhaps he was cautious how he alarmed *Bibulus*’s strict Nicety, or rather was more afraid to offend *Portia*’s transcendent Virtue, who, for her Nobleness of Temper and a fine Bent of Mind, outshone all the Women of *Rome*. This illustrious Lady, on hearing that *Brutus*, who was her second Husband, had fallen upon his Sword, killed herself with swallowing live Coals.

L 4

“ But

* See *Amours d’HORACE*, p. 274.

“ But (continues the *Author* of the
“ *Amours* of *Horace*,) it was no Con-
“ cern to *Hortensius* that *Cato* would not
“ agree to his Desire; this was all a
“ *Feinte* in the Orator, who was too
“ well acquainted with all the *Finesses*
“ and Mines of his delusive Art, to lay
“ himself open at first Sight; he went
“ a Bye-way to work, and like People
“ fighting, he seemed to push at his
“ Enemy in one Place, that he might
“ be sure to hit him in another. *Hor-*
“ *tensius's* sole Drift was at *Marcia*,
“ *Cato's* own Wife.

“ His artful Eloquence had gained
“ so far upon this great Man, as to
“ stagger all Fatherly Tendernefs in
“ him; so that he was flushed with
“ Hopes also of silencing all the trouble-
“ some Suggestions of his Conjugal Af-
“ fection; neither was he frustrated.
“ *Marcia* was just as *Hortensius* could
“ have wished her, that is, very young;
“ and, upon this Account, *Cato*, who
“ was a zealous Patriot, thought it
“ would be more conducive to the Pub-
“ lic

“ lic Good for her to cohabit with his
 “ vigorous Friend, than to remain with
 “ him. Besides, he had, at that Time
 “ as many Children as was convenient
 “ for a Man whose Riches were no
 “ way preportionable to his eminent
 “ Deserts.

“ So the Business was agreed upon,
 “ if *Martius*, the Lady’s Father, would
 “ come into it. *Martius*, who, it seems,
 “ was also a Man of inflexible Vir-
 “ tue, being above the little vulgar
 “ Prejudices, readily ratified all their
 “ Preliminaries. Immediately *Marcia*,
 “ though her Husband loved her in-
 “ tirely (at least her frequent Pregnancy
 “ manifested that she had no Reason to
 “ complain of him) was resigned over
 “ to the impatient *Hortensius*, who in-
 “ stantly proceeded to try whether their
 “ mutual Conjunction could not furnish
 “ the Common-Wealth with some little
 “ Orators.”

The Sequel of this Story I shall
 take from the *Second Book* of Mr. *Rowe*’s
 excellent Translation of *Lucan*.

Now, 'gan the Sun to lift his dawning Light ;
 Before him fled the colder Shades of Night :
 When lo! the sounding Doors are heard to turn,
 Chaste Marcia comes from dead Hortensius' Urn.
 Once to a better Husband's happier Bed,
 With bridal Rites, a Virgin was she led :
 When ev'ry Debt of Love and Duty paid,
 And thrice a Parent by Lucina made ;
 The teeming Matron, at her Lord's Command,
 To glad Hortensius gave her plighted Hand ;
 With a fair Stock his barren House to grace,
 And mingle, by the Mother's Side, the Race.
 At length this Husband in his Ashes laid,
 And ev'ry Right of due Religion paid,
 Forth from his Monument the mournful Dame,
 With beaten Breasts, and Locks diskevel'd, came ;
 Then with a pale dejected rueful Look,
 Thus pleasing, to her former Lord she spoke.

While Nature yet with Vigour fed my Veins,
 And made me equal to a Mother's Pains,
 To thee obedient, I thy House forsook,
 And to my Arms another Husband took :
 My Pow'rs at length, with genial Labours, worn,
 Weary to thee, and wasted I return.
 At length a barren Wedlock let me prove,
 Give me the Name, without the Joys of Love ;
 No more to be abandon'd, let me come,
 That Cato's Wife may live upon my Tomb.

So shall my Truth to latest Times be read,
 And none shall ask if guiltily I fed,
 Or thy Command estrang'd me from thy Bed :
 Nor ask I now thy Happiness to share,
 I seek thy Days of Toil, thy Nights of Care :
 Give me, with thee, to meet my Country's Foe,
 Thy weary Marches, and thy Camps to know ;
 Nor let Posterity, with Shame, record,
 Cornelia follow'd, Marcia left her Lord.
 She said, The Hero's manly Heart was mov'd,
 And the chaste Matron's virtuous Suit approv'd.
 In plain unsolemn wise his Faith he plights,
 And calls the Gods to view the lonely Rites ;
 While, as she was, in Funeral Attire,
 With all the Sadness Sorrow could inspire,
 With Eyes dejected, with a joyless Face
 She met her Husband's like a Son's Embrace.

Thus we see one of the greatest Men
 that ever lived, freely admitting a Part-
 ner into his *Marriage-Bed*. Neverthe-
 less the divine *Cato* was so averse to
Adultery, that upon seeing a Person of
 Quality come out of a Brothel, he thus
 accosted him : “ You are right, Sir,
 “ that is the most proper Place for you
 “ to retire to, when you feel the Flames
 “ of Love upon you ; it is much better
 L 6 “ than

“ than the base Practice of attempting
 “ to seduce your Neighbour’s Wife.”

Strabo, in the *Eleventh* Book of his *Geography*, says, that it was also the Custom among the *Tapyrians*, a Nation bordering upon the *Parthians*, and even among the *Romans*. *Plutarch*, in his *Parallel* between *Lycurgus* and *Numa Pompilius*, avers, that both these wise Legislators allowed, that Husbands might lend their Wives to their Neighbours ; and, in plain Truth, this strange Sort of Loan still continues to be in Vogue ; nay, the most venerable *St. Austin* did not hold it to be so highly opprobrious, since he supposes, * that there may be Cases when it seems to be even a *Duty* in a *Woman* to lend herself to another *Man*, in Behalf of her *Husband*, and with his Consent. Hereupon he relates the following Story, which is said to have happened at *Antioch*, in the Reign of *Constantius*. “ *Acindymus*, who
 “ was then Governor of this City, and
 “ since

* De Serm. Dom. in Monte. L. 1. C. 16. N. 49.

“ since Consul, finding that a Man,
 “ who was indebted a Pound of Gold
 “ to the Treasury, delayed the Pay-
 “ ment of it; and bearing a secret
 “ Grudge against him (a Misfortune one
 “ is often liable to, from those Powers
 “ who are authorized to do what they
 “ list, or rather who are thought to be
 “ so) threatened him, with a peremptory
 “ Oath, that if he did not clear the
 “ Debt by such a Day, he should be
 “ put to Death without Mercy. In the
 “ mean Time he was strictly confined
 “ in Prison, and when the fatal Day
 “ drew near, the distressed Debtor was
 “ as unable as ever to satisfy the im-
 “ placable *Acindymus*. This poor Man
 “ had a Wife who was exceeding beau-
 “ tiful, but she could not raise
 “ Money to save her Husband's Life :
 “ A wealthy Man who was deeply in
 “ Love with her, knowing the pressing
 “ Danger her Husband was in, offered
 “ her the Pound of Gold, to pass a
 “ Night's Lodging. But she, being sen-
 “ sible that her Body was not in her
 “ own

“ own Power, but in her Husband’s,
“ went to him in Prison, and acquainted
“ him with the Proffers that were made
“ to her, declaring she was ready to
“ comply with them for the Love of
“ him, if he, who was Master of her
“ Body, and to whom only all her Cha-
“ stity was due, inclined to dispose of it,
“ as of his Property, in that Manner to
“ save his own Life. The Husband
“ thanked her, and directed her to accept
“ of the Bargain, thinking there would
“ be no *Adultery* in it, because his *Wife*
“ was not prompted to it by Debauch-
“ ery, but it was the generous Impulse
“ of a transcendent Love for himself,
“ who had not only consented, but even
“ ordered her to comply. Hereupon
“ the *Wife* went to her *Gallant*, at his
“ Country House, and submitted her
“ self to his Desire in every Thing ; in
“ this nevertheless *lending* her Body
“ only to her *Husband*, who at that
“ Time preferred his Life, which was
“ threatened, to her strict Adherence to
“ the common matrimonial Duties. She
“ had

“ had received the Gold which was the
 “ promised Reward, but this Brute who
 “ had given it her, found Means to de-
 “ fraud her of it; by putting in its
 “ stead a Purse exactly the same as the
 “ other, but filled only with Earth.
 “ The *Woman*, at her Return home, per-
 “ ceiving the Cheat, immediately pro-
 “ claimed the whole Business: The same
 “ Tenderness for her Husband which
 “ had wrought such a Condescension in
 “ her, now obliged her to complain pub-
 “ lickly. She waited upon the Gover-
 “ nor, and laid before him all the mo-
 “ ving Circumstances of her Compliance,
 “ and the villanous Cheat put upon
 “ her. The Governor, with a noble
 “ Sorrow, first declared himself guilty,
 “ in that his truculent Menaces had
 “ driven the Husband and Wife to such
 “ a sad Extremity; and pronouncing
 “ Sentence from his Tribunal, as upon
 “ another Person, he adjudged *Acindy-*
 “ *mus* to pay the Pound Weight of
 “ Gold; and decreed to the *Woman*, the
 “ Field out of which the Earth was
 “ taken,

“ taken, which had been paulmed upon
 “ her in Lieu of the Gold.”

“ For my Part, says St. *Austin*, I shall
 “ wave any Decision of this Case, either
 “ for or against it. Every one may
 “ judge of it as he pleases ; for the
 “ Story is not taken out of the *Holy*
 “ *Scriptures*. Nevertheless I may say
 “ so far, that, being considered with
 “ all its Circumstances, the *carnal Com-*
 “ *merce* to which this Woman gave her-
 “ self up, by her Husband’s Order, a-
 “ grees with the Opinion of most Men.”

I must, for my own Part, acknowledge
 my self somewhat more positive than
 this grave Father, and will boldly say,
 that this *Commerce* was a downright
Adultery. For when the *Apostle* decla-
 red, that the *Body* of the *Wife* is in the
Power of the *Husband*, it was very far
 from his Meaning, that it is lawful for a
Husband to assign over his *Wife’s* Body
 to any other *Man*. It is his *Property* ;
 but then it is only for his own Use. It
 is the same Case with the Godlike *Cato*
 of *Utica* ; for tho’ he lived before the
Gospel,

Gospel, he was nevertheless Guilty; nor can the illustrious *Marcia*, and the eloquent *Hortensius*, be cleared from the Charge of *Adultery*; these *three* Persons directly opposing the very *Law* of *Nature*, and the innate Dictates of Reason; for it is very well known, that *Adultery* did not go unpunished, even among the most barbarous Nations who had not the least glimmering Knowledge of the true G O D; nay, it is a Crime of such Infamy, and so repugnant to Reason and natural Honesty, that Atheistical Nations have had a due Sense of the horrid Enormity thereof. To prove this, I shall quote a Passage I read the other Day, in the Fourth *Display* of *Philosophical Sin*. All the Inhabitants of the *Leeward-Islands* were Atheists, before they were discovered by the *Christians*. Yet they were not ignorant that *Adultery* was a wicked Action. For it is related in the History of this Country, that
 “ one of these *Islanders*, having killed
 “ his *Wife* upon discovering that she
 “ had prostituted her self to another
 “ Man,

“ Man, came to his Father-in-Law and
“ told him : I have killed your Daugh-
“ ter, for she had broke her Faith to
“ me.” To which the Father-in-Law
answered ; “ It was well done of you :
“ But her younger Sister is handsomer
“ than she, and if you like of it, I give
“ her to you.”

But it must be owned, that tho’ *Adultery* was punished by public Authority among all civilized Nations, yet the Punishments enacted against this Crime were not uniform. In some Countries they were carried to an excessive Rigor, in some they were ludicrous ; and again, in others they were *insignificantly* mild.

For Instance ; it was for a while, at *Rome*, a full Discharge from all Punishments, if Women, of their own Accord, came and made a public Confession of their Debaucheries before the *Ædiles*. This *Law* was at first established for the Wives of the Populace, who alone were thought capable of such scandalous Practices. The Senate, as *Tacitus* informs us, in the Second Book of his *Annals*,

Annals, judged that they had carried their Paternal Care far enough, in prohibiting any Woman, whose Grand-father, Father, or Husband had been *Roman* Knights, to follow the infamous Trade of a Strumpet. It was once customary, in the same City, that Women who were caught in the Fact, were condemned to be kept in a little Room, where they were freely and unexceptionably to prostitute themselves to every Comer. Which might be called a Favour, rather than a Punishment; only their amorous Visitors were to have a great many Bells about them, that all the World might hear, by their Tinckling, with what Alacrity and Vigor they inflicted this merry Punishment on the Prisoners. This Law continued in Force at *Rome*, till the Time of the Emperor *Theodosius*, who abolished it. Afterwards a far severer Punishment was enacted against *Adultery*. The *Women* were put to Death, or banished into some desert Island; the *Men* were whipped and emasculated. *Lucian*, in his
Account

Account of the Death of *Peregrinus*, says, that this Philosopher, being surpris'd in *Adultery*, was obliged to throw himself down from the Top of a House, with a Radish in his Tail, after a very severe drubbing-Bout. Sometimes, as a Warning, and to terrify others, the *Men* were expos'd to the Fury of a mad Bull, who gored them all in Pieces with his Horns ; on Account of their having been themselves too *Bullish*.

Besides all this, *Adulterers* were declared infamous by the *Laws*, and rendered incapable of being Witnesses in any Court of Justice. By the *Laws* of *Athens*, the Father, Husband, nay, even the Brother of a *Wife*, were impowered to kill any *Man* they caught in *Adultery* with *her* : There is a very eloquent *Discourse* on this *Subject* in *Lysias*, where, if he pleases, the Reader's Curiosity will meet with instructive and polite Entertainment.

Altho' a *Plurality* of *Wives* was customary among the *Parthians*, yet *Justin* tells us, that these Nations punished *Adultery*

Adultery with a Severity beyond all other Crimes.*

This Custom of a *Plurality* of *Wives* still prevails in many Countries ; but *Women* have always thought it a most unreasonable Hardship, that they have so little Liberty in Matters wherein *Men* have so much, as is excellently set forth by Mr. Rowe, in the Tragedy of JANE SHORE.

Mark by what partial Justice we are judg'd :

*Such is the Fate unhappy Women find,
And such the Curse intail'd upon our Kind ;
That Man, the lawless Libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd, thro' the Wilds of Love ;
While Woman, Sense and Nature's easy Fool,
If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,
If strongly charm'd, she leaves the Thorny Way,
And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,
And one false Step intirely damns her Fame.
In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets, like Stars that fall, to rise no more.*

There

* *Uxores Dulcedine varia Libidinis singuli plures habent ; nec ullæ Delicta Adulterio gravius vindicant.*

JUSTIN, Histor. L. 41. C. 3.

There was a *Law*, among the *Lombards*, which expressly authorised the *Husband* to kill both his *Wife* and the *Adulterer*. And *Luitprand*, one of their *Kings*, ordained, that a *Woman*, caught in the Fact, should be shaved and whipped thro' the Streets.

Among the *Saxons*, even before their Conversion to the *Christian* Faith, the Chastity of *Women* was so venerable, that any *Girl* or *Wife* who was convicted of having a *criminal* Conversation with a *Man*, was strangled and burned, and her villanous Corrupter was hanged over her Grave. Sometimes, for an Example, she was whipped from Town to Town till she died under the Lash. But, among us, their degenerate Posterity, these are accounted gallant Atchievements; and Intriguing, in its full Latitude, is set forth, in all our Play, as the Characteristic of a fine Gentleman.

In a certain City of *Greece*, the Name of which I cannot recollect, they used to put a *Crown* of *Wool* upon the Head
of

of a *Man* who was found guilty of *Adultery*. He was also fined, and rendered incapable of ever holding any Employment.

There was a Law among the *Egyptians*, by Virtue whereof the *Adulterer* was to receive a thousand Stripes, and the *Woman* to have her Nose slit, in order to render her a loathsome Antidote against Desire. *Adultery*, among the *Jews*, was a burning Business, and the Faggot was infallibly the Portion of any *Wife* convicted of it. After that *Moses* had established his Law, they were only stoned according to the Order of G O D. A most favourable Mitigation!

Adultery being punished with Death among most of the ancient Nations, the *Women* were very liberal to their Gallants, that they might keep this terrible Secret. Which made * *Petronius* say,

The married Dames their Stallions well reward.

This

* *Et qui sollicitat Nuptas ad Premia peccat.*

This Law is still in Force among those Nations where Virtue shines in her ancient Purity, as in *Germany*. I am told that, in some Places in *Holland*, the commendable Severity of this Law has been altered into a very preposterous pecuniary Mulct. For the poor *Husband* must pay a Fine of * Three Hundred *Gilders*, upon the *Wife's* being convicted of this Crime.

But in *Germany*, says *Tacitus*, where Chastity was not corrupted by Shews, Masquerades, Feasts, Assemblées, and such elegant Riotings, a *Billet-doux* was an unheard-of Thing; so that there were few or no Adulteries among such a numerous People, and when such a Prodigy happens (adds he) it is punished out of Hand. The Husband shaves his Wife, and after stripping her in the Presence of her Parents, drives her out of his House, and *belabours* and walks her all about the Village. There is no Hopes of Pardon or Excuse for her after this. All her Riches,
Youth

* Thirty Pounds *English* Money.

Youth and Beauty will not get her another Husband. For Vice, among these honest People, is no laughing Matter, and there is no such Thing as saying, that Gallantry is the Fashion. In some Provinces, their Wisdom is still more strict; for they do not so much as allow of several Marriages, and a Wife there takes a Husband, as Body and Soul are united, for ever. All her Thoughts and Views terminate in him.

The same Author relates, that *Emilia Lepida* being accused of Adultery, was, by Sentence passed upon her, interdicted the Use of Fire and Water, which was a Kind of Exile; and adds, that *Augustus* made it High-Treason to commit Adultery with the Princesses. *John van Neck*, in one of his Accounts, says that, at *Patana*, and in the neighbouring Nations, Adultery is punished with Death, chiefly among the Nobility and Crown-Officers. The Father of the Criminal, or, if his Father be dead, his next nearest Relation, must be the Executioner; on-

ly the Patient is indulged so far that he may chuse his Manner of Death.

In the Island of *Madagascar*, the Laws decree, that any Woman, convicted of adulterous Disloyalty to her Husband, shall be put to Death. In the Kingdom of *Lao*, such a Woman pays for her Crime with the Loss of her Liberty, and is, from that Time, her Husband's Slave, who may use her as he pleases; besides this, as an ample Reparation of the Injury she has done him, the Law allows him to set a Fine upon her.

Among the Inhabitants of *Guinea*, the Punishment of an adulterous Woman is very mild. If she will not be turned away, she pays a Fine of some Ounces of Gold to her Husband. But in several Parts both of the *East* and *West Indies*, as *Bengall* and *Mexico*, they cut off the Womens Noses and Ears. A great many other savage Nations make Death the Punishment.

The *Peguans* hold Adultery to be so execrable a Crime, that, upon these Occasions, their Rigor is satisfied with nothing

thing less than burying both Man and Woman alive. The *Caraiks*, before their Intercourse with the *Christians*, did not know that this was a Sin; but, at present, if a Husband surprises his Wife prostituting her self to another Man, or is otherwise ascertained of it, he instantly does himself Justice; for these Trespasses are seldom forgiven: Sometimes he beats her Brains out, or else rips up her Belly with a Razor, or the Tooth of a certain Fish which cuts almost as sharp. After this shocking Act of Revenge, he goes and calmly tells his Father-in-Law; "I have killed your Daughter because she proved false to me." The Father commends him, and thanks him for it.

The *Caffres* again are not so severe; for, among them, Whipping is thought a sufficient Punishment for Adulterers.

These Instances should imprint a Terror on *Christians*, tho' Civil Courts of Justice do not punish Adultery with adequate Severity, and are too remis

in the Prosecution of it; for as *Shakespear* finely observes in *HAMLETT*,

*In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may shove-by Justice :
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize it self
Buys out the Law ; but 'tis not so Above ;
There is no shuffling.———*

Nothing is more certain, than that those who have given themselves up to so foul, so injurious a Crime will fall under the incensed Justice of GOD, whom it is impossible to escape : For as the Royal Psalmist sets forth his Omnipresence ; *Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit ? or Whither shall I go then from thy Presence ? If I climb up into Heaven, Thou art there : If I go down to Hell, Thou art there also. If I take the Wings of the Morning, and remain in the utmost Parts of the Sea, even there also shall thy Hand lead me ; and thy Right-Hand shall hold me.*



BOOKS printed for E. CURLL in the
Strand.

1. **C**COURT-TALES : Or, a History of the Amours of the present Nobility. To which is prefix'd, a Compleat Key. Containing the following Intrigues, viz.

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Amours of Julio and Hortensius.</i> | 10. <i>Halo and Delia.</i> |
| 2. <i>Drusus, and the Mother and Daughter.</i> | 11. <i>Camillo and Drusilla.</i> |
| 3. <i>Faustus and Dolly.</i> | 12. <i>Otho and Maurus.</i> |
| 4. <i>Calvinio and the Bed.</i> | 13. <i>Sempronio & Nessus.</i> |
| 5. <i>Canistus and Irene.</i> | 14. <i>Erminio and Vanella.</i> |
| 6. <i>Iffamine & her Guardian.</i> | 15. <i>Erganthus and Ergantho.</i> |
| 7. <i>Clodius and Chloe.</i> | 16. <i>Delus and Daphne.</i> |
| 8. <i>Domitius and Belinda.</i> | 17. <i>Nessus and Belinda.</i> |
| 9. <i>Varus and Clelia.</i> | 18. <i>Chloris and Caia.</i> |
| | 19. <i>Cajus and Alicia.</i> |

With several other Gallantries. Price 2 s. 6 d.

2. **The ALTAR of Love :** Or, The Art of Kissing, in all its Varieties : Being a new Collection of Poems, and other Miscellanies, by the most Eminent Hands. Designed for the Improvement of both Sexes. The chastest Ear will be equally entertain'd, and forewarn'd by a Recital of the alluring Wiles of the Fair Sex, at the same time that the dishonourable Attacks of the Men are expos'd, in order to preserve the Ladies Reputation. The whole Affair of intriguing Gallantry is herein fully traced, thro' its most intricate Labyrinths, from the Court to the Cottage. Adorn'd with Cuts. The Third Edition. Price 6 s.

3. **POEMS,** by WILLIAM BOWMAN, M. A. Vicar of Dewsbury in Yorkshire. On the following Subjects. 1. **JESUS GROVE** (in Cambridge) a Descriptive Poem, written after the Manner of Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill. Interspers'd with the Characters of Abp. Cranmer, Bp. Pearson, Lord Townsh-

BOOKS printed for E. CURLL.

Townshend, Sir Robert Walpole, and other eminent Persons: 2. The LOVER. A Poem. 3. NIGHT. A Descriptive Poem. An Imitation of Milton. 4. Select ODES of HORACE translated. Some Parts of JOB and the PSALMS, poetically paraphrased. 5. A PASTORAL. An Imitation of Virgil's Alexis. 6. An Essay on Poetry, &c. Price 1 s. 6 d.

4. Bishop BURNET'S Two Dissertations: 1. A Defence of Polygamy (or having a Plurality of Wives) proving that an express Prohibition of it, is no where to be found in Scripture. 2. Sterility (or Barrenness) in Women, prov'd to be a sufficient Cause for Divorce: To which are added, 3 Trials, 1. For a Rape. 2. For Adultery. 3. For a Marriage-Contract.

The above-mentioned Dissertations are a true Copy of what I saw, read, and copied from the original Manuscript, written with Dr. Gilbert Burnet's own Hand.

J. Glasgow.

These Dissertations were written to facilitate a Divorce between King Charles II. and Queen Katherine, and are omitted in Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, notwithstanding the Pretences of that Work being faithfully published. Price 2 s. 6 d.

5. Memoirs of the Lives and Families of Thirty Personsof Distinction, viz. The Dukes of Rutland, Newcastle, Bedford, Queensbury, Leeds, Hamilton, —Earls of Bolingbroke, Rochester, Jersey, Bath, Godolphin, Ranelagh, Rivers— Lords Craven, Granville, Brooke, Mohun, &c.—Richard Cromwell, Esq; Anthony Henley, Esq; Arthur Maynwaring, Esq; and several other Persons of Eminence. Two Volumes. Price 12 s.

6. Memoirs of the Life, Performances, and Amours of that celebrated Actress Mrs. Anne Oldfield: With true Copies of Mr. Maynwaring's and Her last Will and Testament. Price 3 s. 6 d.

7. The

B O O K S printed for E. CURLL.

7. The Adventures of the celebrated Madam de MucI, with Count D'Albret, a noted Lord in France, and the late Earl Stanhope. Translated from the *French Original*. Price 1 s.

8. The diverting History of the Count de Gabalis : Containing, 1. An Account of the Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits, viz. Sylphs, Salamanders, Gnomes, and Dæmons ; shewing their various Influence upon Human Bodies. 2. The Nature and Advantages of Studying the Occult Sciences. 3. The Carnal Knowledge of Women to be renounc'd. 4. Adam's Fall not occasioned by eating the *Apple*, but by his carnal Knowledge of *Eve*. 5. The Rise, Progress, and Decay of Oracles. 6. A Parallel between Ancient and Modern Priestcraft. To which is prefix'd, Monsr. Bayle's Account of this Work, and of the Sect of the Rosicrucians. Price 1 s. 6 d.

9. A New Miscellany of Original Poems, Translations and Imitations. Publish'd by Anthony Hammond, Esq; Written by the most eminent Hands, viz. Mr. Prior, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Fowke, Mrs. Centlivre, Mr. Amhurst, &c. Price 5 s.

10 The whole Poetical and Critical Works of the celebrated Monsieur Boileau. With his Life, by Mr. Des-Maizeaux. In Three Volumes. Price 15 s.

11. Poems, by Mr. William Pattison, late of Sidney College, Cambridge, 2 Vols. Price 12 s.

12. The State-Poems and Letters of the famous Andrew Marvell, Esq; with his Life, and a Key to his Writings, 2 Vols. Price 5 s.

13. Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by the late Duke of Wharton, Lord Bolingbroke, and other Persons of Distinction. Never before printed, 2 Vols. Price 5 s.

B O O K S

BOOKS lately published by T. PAYNE,
in *Pater-Noster-Row*.

AN Universal History, from the earliest Account of Time, to the present, Number V. Which comprizes not only the General History of the World, but also that of every particular Empire, Kingdom and State, from its first Foundation, to its Dissolution, or to the present Time; with an exact Account of the Migrations and Conquests of every People, the Successions and Reigns of their respective Princes, their Religion and Government, Customs, Learning, &c. The whole immediately extracted from the Original Authors, and Illustrated with necessary Maps, Cuts, Chronological and other Tables. To be continued.

HISTORIA LITTERARIA: Or, An Exact and Early Account of the most valuable Books publish'd in Europe. In this Number are contain'd the following Extracts, viz. The Life and Actions of the famous Saladine, Part 3. Boorhave's Chymistry, Part 1. Life of the Emperor Justinian, of the Empress Theodora, and of Trebonianus. History of the Island of Hispaniola, or San Domingo, Part 2. With the present State of Learning; of the Books now printing or published in the Places following, viz. Messina, Rome, Milan, Florence, Padua, Venice, Lucca, Leipsick, Nuremburg, Genoa, Hamburg, Bourdeaux, Paris, Montpellier, Dijon, Rohan, Amsterdam, Francker, Hague and London. Price 1 s. Where also may be had, The two first Volumes of *Historia Litteraria*, containing 12 Numbers, with compleat Indexes, or any single Number.

The BROTHERS: Or, Treachery Punish'd. A Novel. Price 2 s.